

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE SECRET OF SAINT FLOREL.

### CHAPTER VII.

"COME away, sir, come with me," they heard in a voice half of request, half of command; and in reply came quavering tones that grew nearer, as shuffling footsteps approached the door. "I want Miss Phœbe, I tell you, and I can hear her in this room. She is not in the garden, I know; she is here."

Mason Sawbridge had started at the first sound of this voice, and a curious look gathered on his face; annoyance, anger, even a slight apprehension seemed visible, and he rose with the evident intention of leaving the room. Before he had taken more than a single step, however, the door was violently opened and the old man whom they had seen on the preceding night hurried in. He wore a kind of long loose coat, above the wide-throated collar of which his striking features showed to the fullest advantage. His handsome face had turned instinctively towards Phœbe on his entrance, but now becoming aware of the presence of strangers he hesitated and paused before advancing.

"My dear uncle," cried the hunchback effusively, going towards his relative as he spoke, "allow me to assist—"

No. 441.—VOL. LXXIV.

"No, no!" cried old Dene, with a look of timid dislike. "Keep away, don't come near me; don't let him touch me, Phœbe," he added to the girl, who had come up to him and taken one of his hands.

"Hush!" she said soothingly. "No one will do anything you don't like, uncle. Shall I come into the garden with you?"

"Who have I the pleasure of seeing here?" said the old man, looking at Bryant and his friend, who stood awkwardly enough waiting for any development of events which might enable them to make their escape. "Visitors, I suppose. Wouldn't they like to see the pictures, Phœbe? It's not often people see such a fine collection of family portraits as mine."

"Really I cannot allow this to go on," said Mason Sawbridge with angry decision. "Phœbe, you must go away and leave my uncle to me. He is not able to receive visitors," he said, turning apologetically to the two friends. "This scene is most distressing and unnecessary."

But old Dene's half-crazed brain having given birth to an idea was slow to relinquish it. He persisted like a self-willed child. "I'm sure they would like to see the gallery now; wouldn't they, Phœbe? The Denehurst gallery is noted in the

county." He turned with eager insistence to Hugh, who was standing nearest.

Phœbe, too, threw a quick look at the younger man; perhaps she was trying to read how far she might reckon upon his falling in with her plans; at any rate the rapid scrutiny seemed satisfactory, for she spoke as clearly and firmly as possible. "There need be no scene, Mason, if you will have a little patience. The room upstairs is a very fine one, and there is no reason why these gentlemen should not see it." She looked rather defiantly at her cousin as she said this, and appeared perfectly unmoved by his scowl of disapproval. Hugh, of course, was ready to undergo any personal inconvenience, provided it prolonged his time in Phœbe's company; and Bryant, who was intensely interested in the turn affairs were taking, was equally ready to assent to any course she might propose. They therefore simultaneously murmured some polite answer to the effect that they would be most happy; and the whole party thereupon crossed the hall and began the ascent of the old carved oak staircase, her uncle conducting Phœbe with some ceremony and a delighted expression of triumph on his venerable face.

Up stairs an open corridor ran round two sides of the hall, its high carved oak balustrades gathering an additional richness of colour and detail from their contrast to the rigid black and white squares of marble below, which were visible between them. They all paced along in a profound and somewhat uncomfortable silence, which no one seemed inclined to break. At the end of the corridor was a deep archway, also in oak and closed with heavy faded purple curtains. Having passed through these they found themselves in a room some fifty feet long by twenty wide, lighted

chiefly from the roof, though at the far end there was a large square-topped window with heavy stone mullions; it contained five lights, the upper part of each being filled with a coat-of-arms in stained glass, while the lower was leaded in tiny diamond-shaped panes. The sunshine streamed through these, sending a radiance into the empty place; and the waving framework of ivy, clustering thickly outside, was repeated in shadows upon the floor along with ruby and emerald gleams from the stained glass. And now while the spectators (two at least of whom began to fancy themselves in a dream) stood waiting for what might happen next, old Denis Dene cleared his throat, and pointing towards the right-hand panelling of the room, began his discourse.

"Here is the gem of my collection; an undoubted Holbein, signed, as you will perceive. It is a portrait of my maternal ancestor Jacob von Goldsberg, a wealthy German merchant of the Hanseatic League who settled in London during the reign of Henry the Eighth. The delicate lace upon the ruff round the neck of the old man is most marvellously rendered, and the velvet folds of his cloak are likewise very fine. It is considered a magnificent example of the painter."

The old gentleman stood pointing with an air of the utmost exultation to an empty space upon the oak paneling. A nail, from which the picture had been originally suspended, was still there, with a mark of usage clearly indicating the dimensions of the frame; but picture there was none; the wall was bare and a spider crawled slowly across that part of it which had been once adorned by the old German merchant's features. Hugh, glancing down the room, began to understand things a little better. With the exception of one portrait, which hung by the window,

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there was not a single picture in the gallery. The landlord's gossip, with the scene they had witnessed on the previous night, made the story of the dismantled walls clear enough, while a merciful hallucination had evidently fallen upon their former owner, who still saw all his treasures daily before him. The scowl upon the hunchback's face gave place to a sneer as his uncle grew enthusiastic over the beauties of Holbein's style; a sneer so insolent and derisive that Hugh longed to kick him. But old Dennis saw it not, and crossing the room drew attention to another imaginary portrait.

"Sir James Dene, or rather Denne (for so it was spelled in the sixteenth century), knighted by Queen Elizabeth for his exertions in raising funds towards providing vessels for Frobisher's first attempt to discover the North-West Passage. He was one of the Aldermen of London for many years, and a member of the Goldsmiths' Company. I do not know the painter of this picture; but though the execution is somewhat rough and unfinished, he evidently had a knack of catching a man's habitual expression. There is something shrewd and reflective in Sir James's face which makes me sure that it is a good likeness. Indeed something of the same look is to be seen in more than one of his descendants. His grandson hangs there," he continued, pointing to a place upon the wall a few feet off, "in the small oval frame. After Sir James Denne none of the family seem to have distinguished themselves for many years, in fact not until the days of the Parliamentary wars. I therefore pass over several portraits,"—here he walked on and then, crossing the room once more, indicated another frame and began again—"until we come to that of Mistress Elizabeth

Dene, one of the beauties of the Court of Charles the Second, by Sir Peter Lely; a very graceful figure, you see, with a girlish charm that never palls. Observe how daintily she is advancing one foot in its little high-heeled slipper; a characteristic attitude, no doubt. And how exquisitely painted is the string of pearls round her throat. Those pearls had a strange fate too, for I believe they are identical with a necklace sold by that young lady's son,—she married an Osbaldistone, and lived to a good old age,—her son, I say, sold the necklace to assist in raising funds for the Pretender.

"The small portrait below hers is that of her son, John Osbaldistone, who died childless. This young fellow in Highland dress is pretty Elizabeth's great nephew, the grandson of her brother Dennis Dene, who was the first of our family to own land in this county. That grandson (who was also Dennis Dene) was killed at Culloden, and the estate devolved upon his younger brother James. He travelled a good deal, especially in Italy, and married an Italian lady of good birth. Here is her portrait, and a very lovely creature she must have been; large dark eyes and masses of black hair, an ordinary Italian type. Her daughter Judith—" Here the old man broke off, a vacant look crossed his face, and he turned appealingly to Phœbe. "What happened to Judith, Phœbe? Excuse me," he added, turning to his guests, "but among such a large collection as mine, one's memory sometimes fails, you know. I am fortunate, however, for I have another memory close at hand here, if mine plays me false." Here he laid his hand on the girl's arm. "What about Judith, my dear?"

"Better wait now, uncle," said Phœbe gently. "Our visitors will

scarcely be able to spare more time this afternoon; another day, perhaps. You must not tire yourself either, you know."

"Do you think so, Phœbe?" he answered docilely. "Well, perhaps I had better not explain anything more just now. I think I am a little tired, and my memory is not as good as it was. We will take a turn in the garden together, my love, the fresh air will do me good; but first I must show them the portrait of Lady Lucilla,—the best of all, the very best," he rambled on, beckoning his guests with so much insistence that they felt bound to follow him to the end of the room, where, close to the window, hung the one picture in the gallery.

It was the three-quarter-length portrait of a dark-haired, gentle-faced lady, whose steadfast eyes and firm, though smiling mouth, gave the impression that she must have exercised considerable personal influence.

"My dear wife, gentlemen," said old Dene, waving his hand exactly as though he was introducing a living woman; "and one who was as good as she was beautiful."

Absurd as it seemed, both Hugh and his friend had some difficulty in preventing themselves from bowing to the portrait, so strongly did the old man's manner impress them.

"As good as she was beautiful," he repeated with eyes fixed upon the picture; "and, Phœbe," he added after a moment's pause, and with a pathetic break in his voice, "I broke my promise to her! You know I did, about cards and——"

"Hush, hush!" she interrupted quickly, and with a swift sign towards them which made both strangers turn aside, and retrace their steps along the gallery. "Never mind about that now; come down into the garden with me. You

will like a walk with me, you know."

A door behind them at the end of the gallery opened and shut, and then they heard the gentle tones of Phœbe's voice gradually dying away as she descended the stairs soothing her querulous companion.

At the curtained archway by which they had entered stood Mason Sawbridge, and the three, passing into the corridor, went down the stairs in silence. When they reached the hall, however, the hunchback spoke as though nothing remarkable had happened.

"I hope then, Mr. Bryant, that we may have the pleasure of fishing together to-morrow. I have a spare rod very much at your service, and there is a stretch of preserved water in the woods which is well worth trying. Does Mr. Strong fish also?"

"No, thanks all the same," interrupted Mr. Strong, promptly answering for himself. "My friend is an enthusiastic fisherman, Mr. Sawbridge, but I do not much care for the sport. I shall avail myself of his absence to get through a lot of writing; my correspondence was much neglected while I was abroad."

"About eleven then?" suggested Mason to Bryant. "Will that hour suit you to join me at the cross-roads about a quarter of a mile past the gates? There is a short cut from there to the river. I'll tell them to put up some luncheon for us, and then we shall be independent if the fish are rising well and it is worth while going on. Till to-morrow, then."

Another moment, and the door had closed behind them, and they stood again in the weed-grown garden.

"The family skeleton seems growing," said Bryant briefly, when they were well out of sight of the house.

Hugh nodded.



"It has rattled to some purpose this afternoon," continued the other.

Hugh nodded again.

"I do trust, Strong, that you'll think twice before you commit yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Consider," went on Bryant; "a lunatic uncle and a hunchbacked cousin here, and another cousin, who is a murderer or something very like it, no one knows where. Do think twice, my dear fellow, before you begin running after this girl."

"I've thought a good many times," answered Hugh. "In fact lately I've thought about very little else, and my mind is quite made up. Of course there is the possibility that she won't have anything to say to me; in which case there's nothing more for me to say. But for Heaven's sake, Bryant, don't begin one of your sermons just now. I won't stand it."

After this outburst there was silence, and the two walked mutely side by side, until they were half-way down the great avenue. Then Hugh began again. "There is just one little matter, Bryant, in which you can oblige me. Don't hurry home from fishing to-morrow."

"Certainly not," replied his friend promptly. "It would be a thousand pities to interrupt your writing, and I'm quite sure that if I do return quickly there won't be a soul to speak to."

"You might also detain your hunchbacked friend as long as you conveniently can," continued Hugh.

"Of course, of course," answered the other satirically. "I think we'd better take a tent and camp out, so that there can be no possible risk of disturbing your correspondence. Only pray don't disclose any of your nefarious plans to me. My ignorance of your affairs will serve better than knowledge, I fancy."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE events of the next day seemed to suggest that Providence bestirred itself more in the matrimonial concerns of man than James Byrant supposed. By some angelically arranged combination of circumstances it occurred to Phœbe, after Mason had left for the river, that she would go down to the village to purchase some watercress of an old man who beguiled his leisure and added to his income by the cultivation of that useful vegetable.

Her way home lay past the Red Lion, and some celestial being prompted Hugh Strong, just before she came abreast of the house, to issue forth, with the intention of smoking a quiet pipe along one of the lanes.

"Good morning, Miss Thayne," he said, at once consigning his pipe to his pocket, in which it incontinently burned a hole. "Pray allow me to take that basket," and he relieved her of the watercress.

"It is not heavy," said Phœbe smiling; "and even if it were, I should not have far to carry it."

"I hope you will allow me to take it home for you," said Hugh.

"Oh, yes," answered Phœbe simply, "if you like."

She was a very unsophisticated maiden, and it did not occur to her that anything but politeness lay in Hugh's desire to accompany her. Living as she did in the constant company of her cousin Mason Sawbridge, whose policy it was to encourage her mistaken ideas as to her own lamentable ignorance and lack of attraction, Phœbe was hardly likely to suffer much from either self-consciousness or conceit. The process through which she had arrived at this state of mind had been a painful one, and had cost her some mortification;

but its result was a charming directness of simplicity as rare as it was attractive.

They went down the lane in a silence broken only by commonplace remarks, until they turned in at the little wicket that led into the shrubbery. Once so near home Phœbe resolved to put a question to Hugh which she was longing to ask him, and which she determined not to delay, lest such a favourable opportunity might not occur again.

They were walking in single file along the narrow path, Phœbe leading the way, when she suddenly turned and addressed him. "Mr. Strong," she began, "you have been to the University, I suppose, and are clever like other men?"

He stopped, rather surprised. "I have been to Oxford, yes, Miss Thayne; but I think the less we say about cleverness the better." As a rule this young man considered his intelligence rather above the average; but on the present occasion he felt somehow indisposed to magnify himself.

Phœbe's face fell; she evidently believed him. "I am so sorry," she cried. "I hoped you were a clever man, and would be able to help me."

"Any advice or help that I can give are very much at your service," replied Hugh earnestly, with very confused ideas of what services she might require. He was conscious, however, of a definite desire that they might include a personal assault upon Mason Sawbridge.

"Well," she resumed, "the fact is I am most dreadfully ignorant, and half educated, and though I can't get any masters here or teachers of any kind, I can read and study by myself as much as I like; and I thought you might suggest some books to get, and how to set about it. Mason won't."

"My dear Miss Thayne," said Hugh rather dismayed, "I am very sorry; but I assure you I have not the slightest idea how a young lady should set about educating herself."

"Still, perhaps you might make a few suggestions," persisted Phœbe. "I can do nothing systematic without some rules to go by."

"Well," said Hugh, "perhaps you would not mind telling me what you do know; then it would be easier to advise you."

"You see, no strangers ever come here," said Phœbe apologetically, "and that must be my excuse for troubling you; I am obliged to take what opportunities fall in my way. As for what I know,—I don't know anything. I can't sing, and I can't play the piano; I have literally no accomplishments. I can read and write and do some arithmetic, only I never quite grasped decimal fractions; and I know French fairly well, grammatically, but I can't speak it at all; oh, and I have a smattering of German,—and I'm afraid that is all."

"I am sure that is quite enough," answered Hugh promptly.

"Do you think so?" she said with a touch of disappointment. "Then I suppose you are like a great many other men, and disapprove of more than a certain amount of education being doled out to a woman."

"How do you know that a certain section of mankind does not approve of higher education for women?"

"Oh, I see the papers, you know," she answered, "and I read them nearly all through; there is very little else for me to do here. It sometimes gives me quite a strange sensation. I feel as though I was a little tiny creature living hundreds of miles out of the world, and that all the strange events that are happening, and the great discoveries that are being made,

reached me like sounds from a distance. I feel as if Life was passing me, and I did nothing but stand still, helpless."

"That is only because you live very much alone," said Hugh. "When you have travelled a little, and come more into contact with other people, all that feeling will disappear."

"Well," she answered, "I'm sure I hope it may; but if I must wait until I travel, and associate with other people, I am afraid it will be a long time before I leave off feeling lonely."

"Believe me," said Hugh, "women are best alone. I don't think,—if you will pardon my expressing myself rather brusquely—that they improve each other. For one thing, women's chief defects become exaggerated when they associate much among themselves. Some day, when you know more of your own sex, you will understand better what I mean."

"That is rather like what my old nurse used to tell me when I had growing pains," said Phoebe smiling. "She used to say: 'Never mind, miss, it's all for your own good; by and by you'll see that, when you're a young lady growned.'"

"Besides," said Hugh, pursuing the thread of his argument, "look how much solitude develops talent or genius. Thoughts and feelings, that would be crushed and diverted by what is called society, can grow and thrive in loneliness."

"Now there I don't agree with you," replied the girl frankly. "You may heat your iron as hot as you like, but it takes a hammer and anvil to make the sparks fly. It seems to me just the same thing with one's intellect; there must be contact with other people, and with their thoughts and words, before one's own ideas can be roused."

"There is some truth, perhaps, in

what you say," admitted Hugh. "But the argument is an interesting one; and if you don't mind sitting down on this bench for a few minutes, we can pursue it a little further." Phoebe sat down at once, and her companion again took up the thread of his discourse. "I think it is only the lighter and less enduring kinds of intellect that delight in the bustle and noise of life. Wit and epigram and repartee flourish in those circumstances; but not the real depth of feeling that manifests itself in beautiful poetry, or prose, or even music."

"Well, I suppose my own feelings are shallow then," said the girl. "At any rate I confess to very much wishing for a little change of scene and companionship. Do you know, Mr. Strong, that excepting Anthony and Mason, my cousins, I really think you are the first man I have ever spoken to, except in mere commonplace?"

"I am very glad," he answered.

"Why?" asked Phoebe with genuine astonishment.

"Because I may perhaps have the privilege of hearing some of your thoughts and impressions before they can become less original by being discussed with other people."

"I don't see why that should be interesting," she said. "I should have thought you would find it most insipid."

"Not at all," answered Hugh; "I enjoy it, I assure you. Tell me some more of your wishes. You have a large field for desire here, at any rate."

"What I wish!" she said with a laugh. "If I were to begin to tell you everything I wish for, you would soon be tired; but I'll tell you some of the things with pleasure, since it interests you. First, [here she began counting on her fingers, commencing at the thumb] first, I should like to

be a genius; not merely clever, you know, but a real genius. I should like to be able to paint anything I liked, and play exquisitely upon some instrument,—the violin for preference; and I should like to be able to succeed in any study I took up. Next [here she passed on to her first finger] I should like to make some great discovery, either in astronomy or mathematics or science; something that all the world would hear of. Then [here the second finger was checked] I should like to be beautiful, really beautiful, something queenly, you know, and unmistakable——”

“But,” he interrupted, “most people would think you already fulfilled that last condition.”

She looked at him in frank and unembarrassed fashion, becoming a little confused as she read some of the admiration he was trying to dissemble. “Oh, no,” she answered lightly. “I suppose I am not really ugly or plain; but I am very far from being what I should like to be in the way of looks. Mediocrity does not content me at all. Next [here the third finger was reached] next, I should like——”

“Wait a moment,” he said, resolved to put a question which he felt must be answered as soon as possible for the sake of his own peace of mind. “You have reached a very important finger there, Miss Thayne; that is the finger for your wedding-ring. Suppose you now give me a list of the qualities you would most admire in a man, regarded in the light of a prospective husband. But I forgot; I beg your pardon; you were engaged to Mr. Anthony Holson, were you not?”

It was no maidenly blush, but a glow of anger that crimsoned her cheek as she started up. “Who told you that?” she asked. “Who ventured to say such a thing?”

“Your cousin, Mr. Sawbridge, mentioned it,” answered Hugh, thinking that her vexation was very becoming, and experiencing a sense of relief at her annoyance. “I am sorry if I vexed you by repeating it.”

“Never allude to it again,” she said with some dignity. “I never was engaged to my cousin; and I never should have been, not if he had gone on suggesting it for twenty years.” Here she gave a very determined little stamp with her foot, while tears of vexation came into her eyes.

“I will certainly not allude to the matter again,” said Hugh. “Let us forget it now, and go on talking. I do not know into how many heads you want to divide your discourse, Miss Thayne, but you had reached the fourth. You wanted to be a genius, and a beauty, and to make some great discovery, and——?”

“Oh, I think that is a long enough catalogue for the present,” she answered, smiling and recovering some of her composure. “Upon second thoughts the wishes I have named would satisfy even me, I think.”

At that moment a great bell began to ring upon the roof of the rambling old house close at hand. “There goes the luncheon-bell,” cried Phæbe. “Oh, dear, what a lot of time I have wasted this morning! At least,—no, I don’t mean that,” she grew confused at her own unintentional rudeness. “I have been wasting your time, Mr. Strong.”

“Quite the contrary, I assure you,” he answered politely. “I have enjoyed our conversation very much; so much, that I hope we may soon have another. I dare say you sometimes stroll down here when you have nothing better to do, don’t you? And I do not suppose your cousin would mind my taking an occasional turn here either, would he?”

"Oh, no ; I don't see how he could," answered the girl.

"Then it is settled," he said. "We will have another talk some day."

As Phœbe went home she began to wonder what had made the morning pass so quickly. Generally, in spite of her active mind and dislike of idleness, time hung much more heavily on her hands. It was so seldom, so very seldom, that any new event broke the monotony of her days, that Hugh Strong's arrival seemed to her to have for a time centred itself round her chief interests. There was a good library at Denehurst which was rarely entered save by herself ; and Phœbe determined that, luncheon once over, she would set to work forthwith on her great scheme of education. How pleasant it would be to have one's energies, that were burning for employment, directed into a beneficial channel. It would be so much more interesting to work in concert with some one else, to be guided by a wiser intelligence ; one's progress must necessarily be much more rapid than if one felt one's own slow path towards knowledge. He was pleasant to talk with too, this new teacher she had been fortunate enough to meet. He did not seem in the least shocked or discouraged at the meagreness of her accomplishments ; in fact, he had (so it seemed to her) kindly concealed, or charitably denied, the vastness of his own attainments. Phœbe had a great idea of the mental superiority of the sterner sex. Both Anthony and Mason, with whom she had been brought up, were, she knew, clever and accomplished men ; and with her own sex she had had no opportunity of comparing herself. She reflected, however, that Mr. Strong carried his superiority in much more pleasing fashion than her cousins, especially Mason, whose chief method of exhibiting it was by snubbing her, a process

which she had spirit enough not to take too quietly. Mr. Strong also presented a most favourable contrast to Mason, in personal appearances. She privately considered that his forehead, which was well-shaped and intellectual, was the only portion of her cousin's physiognomy which would bear looking at. She hated his thin delicate nose, and oblique crafty eyes ; while the straight cruel line of his mouth seemed to her more repulsive than that of her watercress merchant who chanced to have a hare-lip. Hugh's face, she remembered, was very open and honest, and his eyes sincere and frank ; they had none of the shiftiness of Mason's orbs, while his nose, though far from being such a classical organ as the hunchback's, appeared to her a much more comely feature in a man's face. In conclusion she thought Mr. Strong rather handsome and,—here she abruptly broke off her reflections which, as she mentally reproached herself, were beginning to resemble those of some silly school-girl. Phœbe had never known a school-girl, but had formulated her own ideas of the species, which were perhaps hardly favourable to the youth of her sex.

Thought travels fast, and all these meditations had ample time to pass through her mind with various elaborations before she had traversed the short distance between the wood and home. As she emerged from behind the hedge of rhododendrons which had concealed the subject of her thoughts a few days before, she saw her uncle sitting in his large oak chair under the shade of a tree near the dining-room window. She crossed the lawn towards him, and as the old man looked for her coming with his usual smile of welcome, a sudden surprise crossed his face. "Where have you been, Phœbe ?" he asked.

"In the wood plantation talking

to Mr. Strong," answered the girl; "but why do you ask, uncle?"

"You look so pretty, my love; your eyes are bright, and your hair is shining in the sun, and your mouth is smiling. It reminds me of a little song that Lady Lucilla used to sing,—it was in German but she translated it—all about some one who went into a wood to look for nothing and found something."

"What did she find?" asked Phoebe.

"I don't know whether it was *she* or *he*," answered her uncle; "but I seem to remember that the person was much happier after being in the wood, and looked so, too."

"Perhaps *she* or *he* found something they had lost and did not expect to see again," suggested Phoebe.

"No, no," answered the old man. "It is much better to find a new joy than an old one, I think; but lately my mind seems to have grown confused, Phoebe; my memory is not what it was, my dear, and perhaps I have been talking nonsense. Mason, you know, often says I talk nonsense. What do you think, child?" And he paused, and looked anxiously at her while waiting for a reply.

"Mason talks a great deal of nonsense himself," said the girl warmly, for the old man's humble confidence in her judgment awakened in even greater strength her invariable sense of protection over him. "Don't take any notice of what he says."

"Still I fear he may be right, Phoebe. I fear that in this he may be right," rejoined her uncle shaking his head sadly.

"It is lunch-time now," said the girl, abruptly changing the subject, for above all things she dreaded her uncle's fits of despondency. "Come in, and I'll tell you all about Mr. Strong, who is very kind and pleasant indeed; then you will forget Mason and his ridiculous ideas."

## CHAPTER IX.

"ARE you going fishing again this morning?" inquired Hugh next day as James Bryant appeared at breakfast.

"I've seen better sport, perhaps," answered that gentleman; "but I caught four pounds of trout yesterday in three hours, and that is too good to leave."

"You seem to have got on well with your host," observed Hugh.

"He's not a bad little chap," returned Bryant; "though I confess I like him best when he's out of sight,—say, round the next bend in the stream. At any rate he can fish; I never saw a fly better thrown in my life. He says I am to fish as much as I like, provided I give him notice when I'm going, so that he can accompany me when business permits."

"I shouldn't care to fish under those conditions," observed Hugh.

"Now there you go!" said his friend, pausing, coffee-cup in hand, to look at him. "There you go, off on one of your unreasonable dislikes at once. I don't want to pry into your affairs: I don't [here he raised his hand to enjoin the silence which Hugh seemed disposed to break] wish to know anything about them; but it does strike me as an unfortunate thing for you to have taken this aversion to Miss Thayne's only guardian. At least I suppose he's her only guardian. In certain circumstances he might make it unpleasant for you, I think. Miss Thayne is not yet of age."

"You are such a confoundedly cold-blooded fellow," cried Hugh hastily. "How can you talk about my unreasonable aversion to a little monster like that?"

"He didn't make himself, poor man," resumed Bryant imperturbably.



"He can't help being a hunchback. Perhaps his nurse dropped him when he was a baby."

"You saw how he behaved to that poor old crazy uncle of his the other night," pursued Hugh; "it was simply disgraceful. As for his conduct towards Phœbe,—er—I mean Miss Thayne, it won't bear thinking about; the way he tried to prevent her coaxing him away from his gambling!"

"How many letters did you write while I was fishing, eh?" asked his friend who had made a pretty shrewd guess as to his occupation. "Was it 'Phœbe' or 'Miss Thayne'?"

"No, we haven't got to Phœbe yet," returned Hugh with much self-possession, "but——"

"But you live in hopes," supplied Bryant.

"Yes. Oh, Bryant, if I could only make you understand what sort of a woman she is, how simple, and——"

"There, that will do," said his friend decisively, but not unsympathetically. "Don't waste your raptures on an unappreciative soul like me; take 'em where they'll be valued." And with this remark he rose from the table and went off to make ready his fishing-tackle.

During the next two days Hugh walked about the village, and tramped for miles along the lanes in the neighbourhood by way of passing the time; for though he would fain have again explored that shrubby-path, his modesty forbade, and it was only on the third day that he once more bent his steps in that direction. This time fortune favoured him for, turning in at the wicket was the very person he most wished to see, and with her old Dennis Dene, who held open the gate in the most hospitable manner.

"Come in, pray come in," he said.

"I am very glad to have met you again. Some day we will go over the picture gallery together when my memory is less fatigued."

Of course Hugh responded to this invitation and greeted Phœbe without any fear of not being equally welcome.

"Good morning, Mr. Strong," she said; "you are still here then? I had begun to think you must have returned to town."

"I will leave you for a few minutes, my love," said her uncle, preparing to walk on.

"Where are you going?" cried the girl.

"Only to fetch my violin, Phœbe," he answered, like some docile child. "You do not mind, do you? Mr. Strong will stay here till my return. I shall not be long."

Mr. Strong easily fell in with this fortunate arrangement, and seated himself beside Phœbe with a comfortable sense of anticipation. "I was beginning to think that I should not see you again, Miss Thayne," he began.

"You see we have no visitors," answered the girl with a smile. "We are like hermits; so I do not very well see how we could have seen you at all if I had not happened to stroll past the drawing-room windows the other day when you were calling. Somehow I do not think Mason likes me to see visitors. Probably he thinks me too unused to society."

"I hardly think that is the reason," said Hugh. "But I am very glad we have met again, especially since our last conversation. I wanted to tell you that if you can give me the names of any books you want to read, I will have them sent down to you from London."

"Oh, that would be delightful!" cried Phœbe. "But unfortunately I don't know what to choose. I always

read the reviews of books in the papers, but I don't think they help one much. If you could make a selection for me now, say three or four books, I should be so much obliged. I have some money of my own; if you would not mind getting cheap copies, or second-hand ones would do quite well, in case I have not enough——"

"Indeed I could not dream of such a thing," answered this wily lover. "I hope you will allow me to lend them to you, Miss Thayne; you can return them at your own convenience." He had been on the point of insisting that he would make her a present of the proposed volumes, but recollecting that a loan involved future communication, he, with much presence of mind, made use of this bright idea.

"That is really very kind of you," said Phœbe gratefully; "I shall be so pleased to have them. Only do not send me anything too difficult. When are you going to London?"

Hugh privately felt this question a little undue, and wondered if she wanted to get rid of him. "Oh, in a few days, I expect," he answered. "My friend Bryant stays for the sake of the fishing that your cousin so kindly gives him, and I,—of course I stay for the sake of his company," he added mendaciously.

"He is an old friend then?" asked Phœbe.

"Oh, yes, and one of the best fellows that ever lived. I use to fag for him at school. He was one of the big boys when I was a very little one,—he is a good deal older than I am—and was a very good friend to me. He never let any one lick me except himself."

At this point the distant sound of a violin made itself audible, and in a few seconds old Dennis Dene reappeared, playing some random chords

as he advanced towards them. "I will sit here, my love," he called to Phœbe, seating himself at the same time on a tree stump at a short distance. "Then I shall not disturb your talking. I want to try over a tune I seem to remember."

Never was a crazy old man so delightfully accommodating! Sitting thus, within sight but out of ear-shot, he presented a most picturesque spectacle, with the violin laid lovingly upon his shoulder, while the flickering sunlight through the branches overhead touched his white locks and beard with gleams of silver. His long cloak was flung back, and on the middle finger of the hand that was holding the bow was an old oriental ring,—a flat piece of bloodstone set heavily in silver. Somehow that quaint and uncommon ornament seemed to give the finishing touch of perfection to his strange appearance. Upon the hand of a commonplace individual it might have looked cumbersome, but it seemed thoroughly appropriate to its present wearer.

Hugh's eyes involuntarily followed Phœbe's as she looked across at her uncle, and when she turned she noted the interest of his expression. "He looks like Zanoni," he said.

"Who was Zanoni?"

"Zanoni was—no, I won't spoil your pleasure by anticipating. That shall be one of the books I am to lend you, Miss Thayne; then you will know all about him."

"It is sad to see any one like that, isn't it?" she said, her face clouding a little as she still looked at the old man.

"Very sad. Has he been long so?"

"For some time he used to have strange moody fits, and now and then get dreadfully impatient and excited; but he has been rather childish and gentle, as you see him now, for about

two years, I should think. It was Anthony brought him to this," she added in an angry tone.

"Anthony? Your cousin, do you mean?"

"Yes. I am glad that he is dead, though it seems a wicked thing to say, for now he can do no more harm."

"But what had he to do with Mr. Dene's condition?"

"I will tell you," said Phœbe; "it is rather a long story, and I should think a very strange one. It happened in this way. When my uncle was quite young he had a terrible passion for gaming. I believe he lost very largely; but he fell in love with a beautiful girl, the Lady Lucilla, whose portrait you saw the other day; and she had such influence over him that for many years he did not gamble at all. She was very sweet and gentle, and I remember how sometimes, when I was a very little child, she used to stroke my hair and kiss me, and say how she wished she had had a little girl like me. She had no children, and when she died nearly fifteen years ago, my uncle was heart-broken. About two years afterwards, when his sorrow was still making him restless and irritable, Anthony one day turned some dice out of a little old box that had been hidden away and forgotten, and the sight of them seemed to rouse my uncle's passion again. He did not do anything then, only looked at the hateful little blocks very strangely; but afterwards when Anthony came of age he began to incite my uncle to play. In a little while he succeeded, and nearly always when they played Anthony won. I believe he played fairly, but I am sure he acted upon a settled plan, and that plan was to gradually win from my uncle all he had, and take everything himself."

"And did he succeed?" asked Hugh as the girl paused.

"Yes, I believe so," asked Phœbe. "But Anthony and Mason helped each other, and kept everything very quiet. Of course they never told me anything, but I know that what I am saying is true. By degrees Anthony won everything; all the money and the family portraits that my uncle thinks are still there, and then, I believe, the estate too. No one seems to have anything to do with it now, except Anthony and Mason. Of course I don't know whether that is because of my uncle not being quite able to manage his own affairs, or not; but it may be because nothing belongs to him now."

"Have you no other relations, Miss Thayne, no one who could take charge of you, for instance, and give you a happier life than you lead now?"

"No," she answered, rather sadly; "I do not think I have any other relations, certainly none who would care to trouble themselves with me. Besides," she added, "I would not leave my uncle for worlds. I am the only pleasure he has left, I think, except his gaming."

"Does he play now, then?" asked Hugh, remembering the curious scene he had witnessed when concealed behind the rhododendron bushes.

"Oh, yes; that was Anthony's idea too, and Mason has kept it up ever since he went away three years ago. He had a lot of bright brass coins made, looking like sovereigns, and when Mason is angry with me, or feels dull and wants to amuse himself, he sets to work to gamble with my poor uncle. It is very dreadful, for I can scarcely get him away from his dice sometimes, and he is always more strange and persistent for several days after the excitement. I think it makes him remember his youth, and the day when his wife persuaded him to give up play. When I try to

make him leave off he often calls me Lucy, and then I know he mistakes me for her."

"But,—pardon the expression, Miss Thayne—your cousin must be a perfect fiend."

"Well," she said calmly, "I am not quite sure. I do not think he would offer any real violence to my uncle or even allow it to be offered, and he has never done me any harm. I do not like him, but I do not think he really dislikes me. He has never refused me any reasonable request, except to go away somewhere for change of air; and as I have no one to go with, he pointed out that that would be impossible."

"He could easily find you a chaperon surely."

"Only at some expense, Mr. Strong; and, as both my cousins have often told me, I have no money of my own. My uncle took charge of me as an orphan; and since he has become deranged Mason and Anthony have looked after me, in order, as they say, to carry out my uncle's wishes."

"You are very easily satisfied, Miss Thayne," observed Hugh.

"Satisfied," echoed the girl, "satisfied! Why, Mr. Strong, do you imagine that the life I lead satisfies me? If I had not come to the conclusion a long time ago that one was not born in order to be satisfied and happy, I should often be very miserable. As it is, I bow to the inevitable. It is my fate, and I must make the best of it, and get as much pleasure out of my narrow existence as I can. At any rate I am some comfort to him," and she pointed to the quaint figure under the trees.

There was the slightest quiver in her voice as she said the last words, and if Hugh had chanced to look at her, he would have seen that there were bright tears in her eyes. He

had fallen to thinking of the strict conditions under which this bright and beautiful piece of womanhood existed. Here was a maiden with, (if he excepted himself) no chance of a lover; with a mind longing to exercise its powers in the arena of life, with a heart full of the affection which should have had husband, children, and friends to cherish, and which perforce bestowed all its generous sweetness and patience upon a poor half-crazed old man. He shrank a little from the picture he himself had evoked, but his reflections had only confirmed him in the diligent pursuit of his wooing, and the loving compassion which Phœbe had inspired.

"You need not look so grave, Mr. Strong," she began again, with a little laugh. "I am not so unhappy as you might think,—at least not always," she corrected herself truthfully. "For instance I am not at all unhappy enough to despair, or invariably to submit. Sometimes, I assure you, I am very wicked and revengeful."

"I don't think your revenge could be a very fearful affair," said Hugh smiling.

"Not fearful, perhaps," she admitted candidly, "but sufficiently annoying. For instance, I will tell you, if it does not bore you—"

"No, no," interrupted Hugh, hastily.

"What I did the other day, Monday, when you and Mr. Bryant came, was really one of my revenges," she continued. "It was rather too bad of me, I own, seeing it involved two strangers, but I had good reasons for what I did. On Sunday night Mason enticed my uncle into one of his gambling bouts. I entreated him not to do it, as it always made him so ill afterwards, but he paid no attention to me. The next day, as you know, you called, and when I heard my poor

uncle asking for me outside the drawing-room door, and when I saw him come in, I determined to do something I knew Mason would dislike ; so I backed my uncle up when he wanted to take you into the picture-gallery, in spite of my cousin, who was very anxious you should not go. I had my way, you see."

"But what did your cousin say afterwards? Wasn't he very angry with you?" inquired Hugh.

"No; he was just as suave as usual, and behaved with extraordinary politeness. You don't understand Mason yet, Mr. Strong; and I hope you may never have to know enough of him to do so. He may be as angry as it is possible for a human being to be, but you will never be quite sure of it. He keeps his rage perfectly quiet till he gets a chance of retaliation, and then he revenges himself in an equally quiet fashion; and if you storm or get angry yourself, he only grows more considerate and polite in his manner. He is the most inhuman creature you can conceive, Mr. Strong. He never betrays himself: but he is not a man to play with. Sometimes, after I have vexed him, I feel afraid of my own daring, and wonder what unpleasant thing will happen next."

"He can't be very nice to live with, I should think," observed Hugh, deeply interested.

"I don't live with him more than I can help," said Phœbe. "We have our meals together, but beyond that I do not see much of him. I'll tell you what he did once, two years ago. I had made him,—I can't say very angry, that would apply to an ordinary being—but extremely polite, which is his equivalent, about something, I forget what, and then at dinner that day my dog bit him. I was very fond of the poor thing, and Mason teased it till it snapped. The bite was a mere

nothing: it hardly broke the skin; but it tore Mason's new coat, and he loves his clothes better than anything else, I think. I had a sort of idea that he would try and revenge himself on the poor dog, and for three weeks I never let him out of my sight. At the end of that time, however, one unlucky morning I went out without him, and when I came back he had been shot."

"Shot!" echoed Hugh. "You don't mean to say he was such a brute as to shoot your dog?"

"Indeed he was!" answered Phœbe. "But when I reproached him he never even answered me on the subject. Being angry with Mason is like dashing one's self on a rock; you get tired, but the rock doesn't move. A month later he had a stone put up to mark the dog's grave, with its name and the date on it."

"And what did he say to you about that?" asked Hugh, who felt that he was rapidly obtaining an insight into a new and most peculiar character.

"He never even alluded to it, and neither did I," answered the girl. "I am sure he had it done as a sort of testimony that his revenge was satisfied, and that he bore no malice either against the dog or myself."

"You have told me a very strange story," said Hugh.

"It is quite time I took my uncle home," said Phœbe, "and I am afraid I have been boring you with a great deal of uninteresting talk. After all you are a stranger, and I should not have troubled you in this way. It is because of my solitary life, I am afraid; I should be inclined to talk to any one when I get the chance. You must forgive me."

"Indeed," he said earnestly, "you owe me no apology, Miss Thayne, quite the contrary; I have been intensely interested. As for my being

a stranger, I hope you will dismiss that idea too; surely now you hardly consider me as a stranger, do you?"

"Well, no," she said smiling, and holding out her hand to say good-bye. "Since you are so kind as not to wish to be considered a stranger, I will say an acquaintance."

"Something better than that," he urged, holding her hand a little longer than was positively needful for politeness. "You have honoured me very much by your confidence, Miss Thayne. May I not call myself a—friend?"

"Oh, yes," she said brightly, "I shall be delighted. I have never had a friend." Then as she looked into his frank and honest face, her cheeks flushed, and she turned away to seek her uncle with some confusion.

Old Dennis Dene stood up as she approached, and putting his violin under his cloak, folded that garment about him, and offered Phœbe his arm. "Good-day, sir," he said, approaching Hugh, and gratifying him with a most stately and magnificent bow. "I am greatly obliged to you for so kindly entertaining my niece, and indeed for helping me, too. I have been rehearsing a most intricate piece of composition, sir, and the sound of your voices has been of much assistance to me. It was like the murmur of bees, soothing, very soothing; and my brain, sir,—a great brain, if you will pardon me—requires ease and rest. I am extremely obliged."

And with another bow he replaced his hat with a wide flourish, and turned homewards with Phœbe.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE ENGLISH SETTLEMENT OF CANADA.

THE loyalists of the Revolutionary War have been treated by historians with scant justice. Their excesses have been emphasised, their virtues and their fidelity ignored, their imperishable work, so far as the mother country is concerned, almost forgotten. Most people have some sort of notion that the Cavaliers founded Virginia, whereas they merely stimulated its development. Comparatively few remember that the loyalist refugees from the United States created Canada.

The British Settlements in what are now Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and New Brunswick were of little consideration, and the great province of Ontario an untrodden wilderness, at the period when so many thousands of these exiles entered into an inheritance that seemed to them at the time the abomination of desolation, the very Ultima Thule of the earth. The average of education, of ability, and of character among these fugitive bands was, from the nature of the case, extremely high; and while this fact accentuated perhaps the hardships of their poverty and primitive existence, they possessed at the same time experience and powers of adaptability far beyond that which would belong to settlers straight from Europe. It would be an interesting reflection for those who concern themselves with such questions, as to the course of development which these northern provinces might have taken had George the Third allowed the thirteen colonies to pursue the even tenor of their contented way.

Few people, however, could read even the most partial accounts of the

Revolutionary War without feeling that the treatment of those colonists who were not disposed to change their allegiance was the greatest blot upon the cause of independence. Look at it how we will, make every reasonable allowance for the exigencies of civil war and self-defence, no sort of justification remains for the savage treatment during the war, and the relentless persecution afterwards, of those who had honestly espoused the losing side. It is openly deplored by the best American writers; it is admitted by negation, or by still feebler apology, in the works of more partial and less discriminating authors; while it was condemned at the time with outspoken vehemence by those of the Revolutionary leaders whose memories their countrymen most revere. If the violence with which the loyalists were treated in the actual heat of the combat is deplorable, the unrelenting vengeance with which they were pursued when the struggle was over is still less creditable. Almost as culpable, too, seems the action of the English Government in neglecting to make terms at the Treaty of Paris for their American subjects who had both dared and suffered so much on their account. And this would, in truth, have been no difficult matter. The British were still in possession of several seaports as well as the Western posts, and well able to exercise considerable pressure; whereas all they attempted was persuasion.

The property and the estates of the loyalists, both during and at the close of the war, were confiscated wholesale. It was not those alone who took up

arms, nor even those only who were known to sympathise with the loyal side, that were punished and despoiled. Local committees, steeped in prejudice and passion, too often used their powers for the gratification of private spite. It was not the men who had been foremost in the field, who when the sword was sheathed cherished this implacable spirit. It was not Americans of the stamp of Washington or Hamilton, of Green or Schuyler, as will readily be imagined, who took part in this ignoble work. They indeed bitterly denounced it; and even Patrick Henry risked that popularity which to a mere orator is the very breath of life, by urging moderation. The party of independence had, after all, not taken up arms against tyranny of a physical kind or against a yoke like *Alva's*; it is the more honour to them that they should have risked their lives and fortunes for a principle. But for this very reason their neighbours, who thought differently or who objected to changing their allegiance, were surely by so much the less deserving of wholesale confiscation, banishment, and death; and many of these unfortunate sufferers, it must be remembered, belonged to the most honoured and respected families in the colonies.

It is true indeed that during the war the passions of both sides rose to fever heat, and that the Tories in many districts were quite numerous enough to resent the cruel attacks upon them by retaliations of a like description. To quibble about the exact proportion of outrage to be attributed to either side is purposeless. It is at any rate certain that the Revolutionists were in most cases the aggressors; but the detailed history of this period has been written almost wholly by Americans, and the poor Tory in their hands has met, upon the whole, with scant justice.

He was not only shot, hanged, ruined, tarred and feathered, but he has been execrated by posterity for resenting such treatment. Even the most liberal-minded of American historians have represented him as in great measure the scum of the population; the good people in their pages are all Revolutionists, the wicked people all Tories. But what one would really like to know, and what it is quite certain we never shall know, is the proportion of the three million colonists in the War of Independence who of their own free will took active part or even exhibited active sympathy for either side. There is no evidence whatever to show that it was a large one. Indeed, considering the extent of territory, and how necessarily limited was the actual theatre of the strife, it was only natural that a majority should have waited till the last moment to see which side success seemed likely to favour. The neutral, or at least wavering, class was beyond doubt immense, particularly in the middle and southern colonies. The actual combatants throughout these seven years were but a fraction of the full fighting strength; and one hardly knows which to respect most, the few thousand men who stood by Washington to receive only moderate thanks and very often no pay, or the still smaller band that gave up everything and fought with equal valour for their misguided King. The others whose active sympathies in this struggle were exhibited only under their own roof-trees do not commend themselves to posterity. Of this sort chiefly were the committees who undertook to sit in judgment on all men who actually were, or were supposed to be, Tories. It was of this class, too, that Congress was latterly composed, and the record of that decadent body throughout the war needs no criticism of ours; it has been sufficiently dealt

with by every American writer of distinction from that day to this. For the apathy, the want of patriotism, the selfishness of the mass of the people in the very bitterest hours of the strife, Washington's indignant, almost fierce, letters would be sufficient evidence, even if there were not a mass of further testimony from other sources.

Few probably will be disposed to deny that the conduct of the English was no less stupid than exasperating. After the lesson of the Stamp Act and its repeal, and the very considerable return to the good feelings of former times, the blunder of the tea-ships moves one almost to tears as we read it. Still there were thousands who regarded the matter as the mere vindication of a principle that would never probably be forced to any practical conclusions; and, strenuously as they denied the justice or the equity of the contention, they fairly considered that if it went no further the occasion was not one for armed rebellion. But the destruction of the charter of Massachusetts, and the forcible suspension of popular government in a colony that, above all others, had been the architect of its own fortunes, may well have made men, who had been practically independent for nearly two hundred years, think that life might be no longer worth living. It must be remembered, however, that armed resistance and independence were for some time very different things in the American mind. The former upon a small scale had been more than once resorted to; of the latter there was a real horror as of something new and strange. The change from this mental attitude, owing to various causes which we need not now stay to consider, was singularly sudden. It is no wonder that great numbers of really patriotic colonists could not reconcile themselves

to so rapid a transformation. Some had an honest dread of a republic; others regarded a permanent confederation of the colonies impossible, and how nearly right they were we know, and without confederation independence would have been ridiculous. Many, again, were well aware that there was a zealous minority in England working for them, while the majority was strongly suspected to be unrepresentative and was known to be corrupt. The King, too, was but mortal and might die, when happier counsels would certainly prevail and halcyon days return. The loyalty of a colonist is even in these days inclined, and naturally so, to be of a more personal kind than that of his fellow-subjects at home. With the earlier Georges this difference was for obvious reasons still more accentuated. The Americans were persuaded for a long time that it was Parliament, and not the King, who was hostile to their liberties. Those notable appeals they addressed at the eleventh hour to the throne were not merely menaces to the British people sent through that formal and orthodox channel, as, regarding them from the modern standpoint, one might be apt to suppose. They were wholly personal and not without some pathetic significance. When it was at last borne in upon the petitioners that it was the monarch himself who was their arch enemy, the shock was considerable and the effect immediate.

When Patrick Henry thundered out in the Virginian assembly, "Our petitions have been spurned from the foot of the throne," it was not metaphor nor mere oratory; he meant it literally, and it was taken so. One phase of the struggle, however, gave special impetus to the loyalist cause and that was the overtures to France. The French alliance seemed to many to mitigate even the treachery of

Arnold, who, as we know, pleaded it, and by no means illogically, as his excuse. Any student of that period can understand what a distasteful thing to most, and a horrible thing to many, must have been this joining hands with the hereditary foe. The great triumph of their epoch had been achieved at his expense and that, too, so recently. He was only known and remembered as a ceaseless aggressor whose path was strewn with scalps and blood. To the colonist, who deplored England's policy but yet cherished hopes of reconciliation, the very talk of a French alliance must have been gall indeed; and it would be a strange mind that could not respect the consistency which refused to join in a bond so unnatural against the mother country. The Americans, too, it must be remembered, had more than once refused all overtures. Perhaps they were right, but we are considering now, not the verdict of posterity, but the standpoint of old-fashioned people over a hundred years ago who had to choose a side at a moment's notice. Howe, the brother of the popular nobleman who had been the idol of America and had fallen among their militiamen in the woods beside Lake George twenty years before, was commissioned to treat with the enemy after Burgoyne's defeat; but they would not even hear him. In 1778, again, Parliament were prepared to grant the colonies everything; but it was then too late. Had Chatham lived it is possible he might have brought peace; but he fell, and as strikingly at the wrong moment for his country as Wolfe had fallen at the right moment for himself. As it was, Congress seems to have acted hastily, and to have somewhat doubtfully represented the true wishes of the mass of the American people.

We know what a minority of Americans were thinking and doing

during this protracted struggle, but of the great majority we know nothing; there is no record of them; historians can dispose of them at their pleasure, as indeed they do, in a most summary and unconvincing fashion. The situation was full of paradoxes. Let us take, for instance, Virginia, one of the most representative of colonies. Its population was large, its attitude from the first bold and uncompromising. It has never been credited with a large number of avowed loyalists, and yet the old affection for the mother country was altogether different from that of New England. It was given over to primogeniture and entail, and had been ruled by an aristocracy for generations without protest. This aristocracy did not stand for the King; on the contrary they were foremost in asserting their independence. Yet in the war the proportion of soldiers to join Washington's armies was small for the population, and even this quota contained great numbers of Western riflemen who were practically outside the social system of the colony. "Let not Congress rely on Virginia for soldiers," wrote Patrick Henry in 1778. "They will get no more here until a different spirit prevails." And yet what happened at the close of the war to the cherished usages of a powerful and large upper class that to every appearance took the popular side? Primogeniture and entail were swept away, though there is nothing perhaps so very peculiar in this, except that their abolition was proposed and accepted as if the revolution had been a domestic and social one. But the treatment of the ancient and venerable Church of nearly the whole educated class of the colony was the most remarkable. It was not merely that the Church of Virginia was disestablished; that would have been perhaps natural and at any rate of small significance; but

it was practically destroyed, and for a time literally ceased to exist. To suppose that the gentry of Virginia, because they had quarrelled with England, were anxious to give up the faith of their fathers and turn Quaker, Presbyterian, or Lutheran, is, of course, ridiculous. And yet this powerful class, who, so far from resisting the people, took themselves a lead in the revolutionary movement, allowed their parish churches to be plundered and even destroyed and their creed treated with sacrilegious contumely. The Episcopal communion was denied legal equality with the Dissenting bodies, and was not even allowed to form itself into a corporation. Not only were its glebes and edifices sold, but its private legacies were alienated and the very communion-plate seized and dissipated. At this treatment of their Church the great ruling class of Virginia apparently looked timidly on, and, it is to be presumed, said their prayers at home, for it was many years before the old Church crept apologetically out of holes and corners to begin a new career which has never since been worthy, either in intellect or vigour, of a commonwealth that was originally its chief defender. This is one of the enigmas of the War of Independence; and it seems to suggest a degree of apathy and timidity among the dominant class that is strangely at variance with accepted notions.

The young colony of Georgia contained probably the most loyalists, as was natural from its comparatively recent settlement. The Carolinas, too, have sent down to us a much more luminous picture of their condition during the war than the more middle colonies, though it is, in truth, a sufficiently dismal one. It was here, perhaps, alone that civil war raged upon a considerable scale, for the loyalists, if not actually stronger

than elsewhere, were more decided both in speech and action. The colony of New York, also, was very strong in its loyalist sympathies, but the continuous presence of British troops centralised their strength and absorbed it into the regular forces. The Jerseys, again, had been very far indeed from united against the British; but the behaviour of the Hessian troops, whose employment at all had been an irritating item in the account against Great Britain, greatly damaged the royal cause.

But in the Carolinas a shocking state of things went on from the moment the royal forces turned their faces southwards. Hanging, burning, shooting, robbing became the normal attitude towards each other of men who had hitherto been, not merely neighbours and friends, but often even kin. There were no traditional enmities, no religious divisions worth mentioning, no geographical or racial cleavages. But upon one side or the other, from choice or compulsion, men ranged themselves in bitter and relentless strife. From the affluent owners of rice and indigo plantations near the sea-coast to the homelier yeomen ploughing the red uplands of the inland districts, from the outlaws of the pine forests to the backwoodsmen beneath the shadow of the Alleghanies, all were partisans. Private hate and personal feuds increased the hideous confusion. It was not only in the track of the regular armies, but on hundreds of lonely plantations, that brother fought with brother, neighbour with neighbour. And yet, strange to say, it was here that, at the close of the struggle, the only approach to an offer of reconciliation was made by the victors to the vanquished.

At the close of the war the loyalists were a difficult problem to both the American and the British Govern-

ments, though the former solved it in summary, and, for the most part, merciless fashion. Many thousands were with the King's troops; as many had fled the country; while the families of both were dragging out a miserable existence in garrison towns, or suffering continuous persecution in their own homes. Great numbers, again, who had not actually taken up arms were labelled as Tories, sometimes rightly and sometimes wrongly. All, however, were treated alike, or nearly alike, and sentences passed upon them of banishment and confiscation. South Carolina, curiously enough, for the internecine strife had there been fiercest, stood alone in some measures of clemency. The harsh edicts were from the first leniently interpreted and finally revoked, the confiscated estates under certain conditions being, after many years, restored to their lawful owners. It is true that neglect and rapine had so injured them that they were often of little value; but this, after all, was not the fault of the South Carolinian Government, and due credit should be given to them for their comparative magnanimity.

All that the British Government had succeeded in securing from Congress at the treaty of peace was a promise that they would urge the various States to deal leniently with the loyalists. The denunciation in Parliament of this failure to insure the better protection of these unhappy people was fierce and scathing. Lord Shelburne, who was then Prime Minister, scarcely attempted to defend his Government, but declared with real emotion that there had been literally no choice between such poor efforts as they had been able to make and a continuation of the war. Then, said their opponents, till this point was gained the war should, as a matter of national honour and not

of material gain, have been continued.

Unlike South Carolina, Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia were relentless in their attitude towards their unfortunate fellow-countrymen. As usual, those who had done the fighting were the most inclined towards lenity, those who had done the talking the most relentless. John Adams, in Massachusetts, had from the first been a warm advocate for "hanging, confiscating, and fining without fear or affection," and has left his regrets in writing that this policy was not even still more thoroughly carried out.

Every one, however, was agreed that something must be done. The King's best side was shown in his activity on behalf of the unfortunates who had lost all in his cause. In 1783 a Bill went rapidly through Parliament appointing a Commission to inquire into the losses of the loyalists. The sufferers were scattered all over the United States and the British possessions, while many of them were lying in English prisons for debts which they had no means of discharging. Many years had passed away since the majority had been driven from their homes, and the difficulties of inquiry and assessment of loss were immense. It will be sufficient to say that the Commission took seven years to complete its task. Of course, only a small minority of the loyalists were so situated as to be able to present and prove their claims, for the obvious openings for fraud were so great that the proceedings had to be of a most thorough and sometimes even offensive description. An average of about forty per cent. of the value of the loss on proved claims was paid. Confiscated estates were only the least difficult of these assets to deal with. A mass of old debts were due by individual Americans to the refugees, and



these were often impossible of legal proof; for the debtor who had repudiated his private obligation, either with the open or tacit sanction of his Government, would be in no hurry to assist in proclaiming himself a defaulter. Nearly four millions sterling in all was paid as compensation, representing about ten millions actually proved in Court as lost. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that even this latter figure was but a fraction of the total loss incurred.

But the really significant result of the war was the treatment of those numerous refugees who could not wait for Acts of Parliament or Commissions of Inquiry. Urgent action was imperative. Numbers had already left upon their own account. Some exiles from the extreme South had even drifted into the West Indies; but a tropical climate had proved but a poor field for men left with no means of support but their own energies.

Great Britain still held much of the West, and might have stipulated at the peace for Western territory far outside the somewhat narrow conception of the United States at that day. A great loyalist province where Ohio is now suggests some curious possibilities and strange reflections. But it was towards regions in the north and east, for the simple fact that they were British and more or less known, that the thoughts of the exiled loyalists turned; and these thoughts were anything but pleasant ones. All of Canada that was known was French in population, and, in common with Nova Scotia and what is now New Brunswick, was regarded as a dreary region of ice and snow and fog; a land of nine months' winter and three months' cold weather, as the soldiers and militia quartered there in the old wars had been wont to tell their friends in New York and Philadelphia. Canada, west of Montreal, was at that

time a mere Indian hunting-ground, erroneously regarded as too cold to live in and unsuspected even of fertility. Nova Scotia had a small population, but they were almost as conspicuous for their stagnant poverty as the Acadians who had preceded them. Many loyalists, moreover, particularly from New England, had fled thither before the close of the war, and settled on the spot where the city of Saint John now stands. This gave one objective point, at any rate, to the much larger band of exiles who at the peace were forced to seek new homes at short notice; and in a single year the new settlements grew to some thirteen thousand souls. Men of all classes flocked there, officers and soldiers, clergymen and lawyers, farmers, mechanics, and merchants. They were naturally much above the average of ordinary emigrants, both in character, education, and intelligence; but all, or nearly all, were equally destitute and forced to begin the battle of life afresh. A year later New Brunswick was separated from Nova Scotia, endowed with a Council and House of Assembly, and the Capitol moved to its present site at Fredericton. The first Council included many well known New England names, such as Putnam, Winslow, Allen, and Willard. It included, also, a late Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, another distinguished lawyer of that colony, and several officers of the loyal regiments. Both the New York and the Virginian branch of the Robinsons, one of the wealthiest and most influential families in Colonial America, were here represented, and to this day are conspicuous in Upper Canada. From these beginnings grew New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island; and if their founders began with little more than the clothes on their backs, and the tools and rations provided by

the British Government, they had at least the satisfaction of finding both soil and climate much better than they had anticipated and feared.

The other great stream of emigration was still more interesting, for it flowed into regions hitherto unsettled and, indeed, scarcely known. The emigrants to the maritime province were chiefly carried thither in Government ships, but those bound for Canada had to force their way for the most part through a tangled and untrodden wilderness. Western Canada seems first to have come into notice from the difficulty of providing sufficient transport to Nova Scotia during the great rush at the close of the war. A New York loyalist named Grass, who had been for long a prisoner among the French at Frontenac (now Kingston) at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, reported favourably to the authorities of both the soil and climate of that district. This opinion seems to have been received with as much surprise as pleasure, and Grass was appointed to conduct a body of emigrants there at the Government's expense. Notices were posted to this effect throughout New York, and the response was prompt enough. This first expedition, comprising men, women, and children with implements and provisions, was sent round by sea. They could make no way that season beyond the foot of the rapids on the Saint Lawrence above Montreal, where they erected huts and spent the winter in much hardship. In the following spring they built boats and toiled slowly onwards to Frontenac, arriving there about midsummer. Here they were soon joined by parties who had come up by the Hudson and the Lakes, and the Governor of Canada, Sir Guy Carleton, arrived upon the scene from Montreal. The lands were then parcelled out in townships, Grass, though but a plain German yeoman, being

granted the first choice, as was right and proper, Sir John Johnson the second, Majors Vanalstone and Rogers the third and fourth, and Colonel McDonnell the fifth, the rest of the settlers receiving smaller grants according to their rank and claims. It was too late this season to put in grain; a large patch, in the very centre of the present site of the City of Kingston, was accordingly sown in turnips, and these served to eke out the rations supplied by the Government. The latter proceeded shortly to erect mills at this spot, and thus was the first stone laid of the English settlement in Canada.

Almost simultaneously, however, at other points the dense forests of Upper Canada, growing down to the very shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie and stretching northwards for ever, were invaded by other resolute bands. Norfolk County upon Lake Erie, which fronts the finest land in all Canada, was one of the earliest points of refuge, and gradually from there eastward to the Niagara river the dawn of civilisation spread. The route there, however, was of a different and still more arduous description. The settlers, who came mostly from the middle States, followed the Hudson up its Mohawk branch and thence by stream and long portages till they launched their boats again upon Lake Oneida. Following the river which flows thence down into Lake Ontario at Oswego, they coasted along its shores, and either carried round Niagara into Lake Erie or entered Canada below the Falls. The other inland route was the old military trail through Lakes George and Champlain, and thence down the Richelieu River to the Lower Saint Lawrence. This sounds simple enough in print, and in fact travellers may to-day breakfast in New York and sup in Canada. But for the poor exiles of

those times the journey occupied months, and presented immense difficulties. They went in parties of from a dozen to twenty families, traveling in flat-bottomed boats built for the purpose, which had to be dragged for miles up rapids and in many places to be hauled through the trackless woods. Even the terrors of the northern winter did not wholly check the stream of these adventurous souls, who then substituted sleighs for boats, and over the frozen lakes and through unbroken forests toiled painfully with their household gods towards that remote wilderness which had at least the advantage of being British soil. The grants of land allotted, both in Canada and the maritime provinces, to the military exiles, who were very numerous, were somewhat upon the following scale; five thousand acres for a field-officer, three thousand to a captain, two thousand to a subaltern, and two hundred to a private soldier. The sufferings of the emigrants for the first year or two exceeded their gloomiest anticipations. Flies tortured them; agues prostrated them; their first meagre crops were destroyed by insects and vermin; there were no mills for a time to grind what little corn they could save; and, as a climax, the ships bringing the Government supplies from Montreal were caught in the ice and frozen up for the winter. The first pioneers of Western Canada were perhaps as nearly starved as men and women can be and yet survive.

Every one knows that these emigrants were distinguished by the name of United Empire Loyalists, and that their descendants to this day take a justifiable pride in bearing names that are inscribed upon such an honoured scroll. If the maritime provinces are usually more identified with their stock it is because the pioneer families of Ontario have been more obscured

by the immense development of that province. But for half a century British North America was in great part ruled by something approaching an oligarchy drawn from these sources. They brought with them a fierce hatred towards the Republic of the United States; and this feeling accounted in great measure for the extraordinary success with which for three years, in 1812-14, the Canadians, and particularly the Upper Canadians, repelled every attempt of the Americans to conquer the country. The population of the States at that time was five and a half millions, and they had scarcely any other occupation for their armies; the population of French Canada was two hundred thousand, that of Upper Canada seventy thousand. Most of the attacks were directed against the latter, who for the greater part of the time had but a handful of British regulars to assist them. Nor were they merely successful in repelling, with one exception, their assailants; on two occasions they captured the entire American army with its general. Englishmen know little about this war, for no account of it is readily available. American historians, who are the only sources of information open to the general reader, would not be human if they failed to touch otherwise than lightly on these military disasters, and dwell with emphasis rather on the naval duels which their seamen fought with such credit. The burning of Washington, for instance, during that war is recorded against the British as a piece of unspeakable barbarism; our own historians follow suit and apologise for this excess of zeal. Two points, however, seem to be forgotten: in the first place, Washington was burned for the deliberate and wanton violation of a flag of truce, in which the horse of the English general who

accompanied it was shot under him ; and in the second, unprovoked excesses of a precisely similar nature had been frequently inflicted by the Americans on the struggling settlements of Western Ontario. The spirit that prompted the memorable defence of the Canadians was, of course, an intensely strong one. Even the brief and inadequate account of the American loyalists here given will sufficiently indicate how bitter their feelings must have been. And it should be borne in mind, moreover, that they regarded the war as one of pure and unprovoked aggression. England was struggling single-handed with the common tyrant of the world. Her right of search for seamen, which was Madison's *casus belli*, was legally permissible. The whole of New England, and a most important minority in the States, declared the war to be iniquitous, and doubly iniquitous seeing the company in which it was waged. What wonder if Canada thought so too, and fought with exasperation as well as with the inherent valour of a virile and soldierly race ! Strangers often wonder

at the fever of excitement into which the majority of Canadians still work themselves at any mention of fusion with the United States. It seems almost illogical that people should be unable calmly to discuss the possibility of an alliance with neighbours who in everything but the most trifling details are one with themselves. Probably not one Canadian in ten has any of the old loyalist blood in his veins ; nor for that matter has any larger proportion of the citizens of the United States a claim to revolutionary descent. But as the old antagonism to England on one side of the line is adopted by the sons and grandsons of emigrants, so upon the other the old United Empire feeling still in a great measure influences public opinion. There is this curious difference, however, that while it is among the old and genuinely American population that the greatest friendliness to England will be found to-day ; in Canada there are, on the other hand, no such outspoken haters, in a political sense, of the United States as the descendants of the old loyalist settlers.

## A MODERN SINDBAD.

SOME men will sail the seas for forty years and never once come even within hailing distance, as it were, of a shipwreck, and scarcely ever lose a sail or a spar. Obviously these are the lucky ones. Among our sea-friends we can claim a member of this extremely limited class; and it has been also our fortune to meet with two or three examples of the opposite type. Some imaginative writer tells the tale of a sailor who was shipwrecked three times, was in four collisions and two fires at sea, suffered from sun-stroke and yellow fever, lost a finger or two by frost-bite, had one eye gouged out in a fight at San Francisco, came home, married a shop-keeping widow who henpecked him, got out of his course one foggy day and walked into the river, where he was found next morning still chewing his overnight quid of tobacco, but without his glass eye. This is the novelist's type, and is perhaps somewhat highly coloured; but it may be compared with some actual types. One of the men we have in mind fell from the main-yard and broke his left arm before he had been at sea a month on his first voyage as an apprentice. On the return voyage from San Francisco he fell from the same yard and broke one of his legs. The vessel was wrecked in a gale off the south-west coast of Ireland, and this unhappy youth, *fato profugus*, was saved with three others out of a crew of twenty-six; only, however, to find that his next ship, laden with coal, took fire on the other side of Cape Horn, and had to be abandoned by her crew, who were six days in their boats before a homeward-

bound ship picked them up. His third vessel ran ashore at the entrance to Hong Kong harbour in her hurry to get inside before a Yankee with whom she was in company. When our friend found his fourth ship dismasted in a cyclone in the Indian Ocean, he came to the conclusion that sea-life, which he had been quite prepared to like, was too exciting for him; and he decided forthwith, provided he got safely out of that scrape, to leave it to those with better luck.

We knew yet another fugitive from fate, one of the nicest young fellows you could wish to meet; but him the malignant demon overtook. He sailed first on the Compadre, which caught fire on the voyage from Calcutta to Valparaiso with a cargo of gunny-bags, and had to be run ashore on the Auckland Islands, where her men were forced to make such cheer as they could for just one hundred days. His second voyage was again unlucky; his ship, the Charwood, was run down in the Channel, and he was one of seven saved out of a crew of about twenty. His third voyage was uneventful. On his fourth, in the Allanshaw, to which he was transferred at the last moment to take the place of another apprentice, the ship ran ashore on Tristan d'Acunha, and he was one of three (the captain was another) who were drowned in the struggle for land. He deserved a better end, poor fellow!

A few weeks ago we made the acquaintance of an old sailor whom we will call Sindbad, and indeed he could well furnish materials for an eighth voyage to the record of that much-enduring merchant. He brought the fol-

lowing introduction from the writer's brother in New Zealand: "You will probably find him interesting and will recognise him from his name, as having been one of the Spirit's crew when she ran ashore on Antipodes Island. And I will say this for him, that had it not been for his murderous energy in cutting the lashings of the lifeboat, every one of us would have accompanied the skipper from this world into the next. I never met, and scarcely ever heard of, a more unlucky sailor, one who has been oftener shipwrecked and has gone through so many hardships. If you want any information as to how it feels to be shipwrecked, for that great novel of yours, which I'll swear is no farther advanced to-day than it was two years ago when I had the good pleasure to see you all last, make use of him. No doubt he will be in low water. I found him loafing about Wellington, unable to get a ship. I helped him to a berth in the end. He has taken a strange fancy to go home, to find out if any of his relations are still alive. He was kind to me on the island, so be kind to him for the sake of," &c., &c.

Sindbad turned out to be everything that had been promised; in the cant phrase, he gave us plenty of fun for our money. He enumerated as many as nine separate shipwrecks in which he had been concerned, not all successive shipwrecks to be sure; but on two occasions he was shipwrecked twice consecutively; and although the Spirit only went down in the autumn of 1893, he contrived within the space of another twelvemonth to be wrecked on the steamer Kanahooka which sank in the Gulf of Carpentaria. If diversity of experience counts for anything, he deserves to be known as the champion of the seas. He is now growing old, and, in spite of the rare exception already mentioned, it is

certain that the man who spends a generation at sea witnesses much, experiences much, and suffers much. This particular individual counts it a virtue that he has been only three voyages on a steamer, and he points to the Kanahooka as a standing warning to those who propose to sail on other vessels of that class. That he should be still before the mast will not appear extraordinary to those who know the average British sailor's recklessness, ignorance, and lack of ambition. His first voyage would have killed all taste for a seafaring life in nine youths out of ten. Two days out from Liverpool his ship, one of the old emigrant clippers that did most of the carrying between New York and this country before the ocean greyhounds hunted them off, was wrecked near Blackwater on the Irish coast, and carried down with her more than two hundred steerage passengers who had proposed to try their fortunes in the New World. Only twelve were saved, and of these only two were passengers. He made three voyages in the old Dreadnought, which once crossed the Atlantic in less than ten days, and beat the best steamer of his day; and he claims to have been in her when she lost her rudder, and had to be backed and steered by her sails for a couple of hundred miles to the Azores. A number of years later he sailed on the same packet, but by this time she had fallen from her high estate and was carrying timber from North American ports, a sad end to which other fine clippers came before disappearing from off the face of the waters for ever. It made a man feel sad, he said, to think of what she had been and what she was then.

In the years that intervened between these voyages on the Dreadnought, and in the subsequent years, where had Sindbad not been? He had been in the Thermopylae when



she made the passage from London to Australia in sixty days, an achievement of which the latest steel four-master from the Clyde is not capable ; for the latter is built for cargo, and she was built for speed. He claims to have been in the *James Baines* when she rounded the Horn with her royals up before a heavy south-westerly gale. He had been whaling in Dundee ships to the north seas, and in the Pacific with a Yankee crew. He had been drugged in San Francisco and had found himself, when he awoke to consciousness, well on his way across the North Pacific to Canton. He had raced home from that port with the new season's tea, and, after being chased by pirates from Macao, had seen his ship beat her rival by a good week. He had been on the *Don Juan* when she caught fire while carrying Chinese coolies from Macao to Peru ; and next year he had formed one of the crew of the *Northfleet*, when she was run down off Dungeness by a Spanish steamer, which made off and left three hundred people to drown. Less than three years later the old teak-built *Cospatrick* had caught fire when he was making the voyage on her for Auckland. He had been kidnapping in the South Pacific, had married a native woman of the Pelew Islands, whom he very soon left to her own devices, had been attacked, with the rest of the crew, by deluded Solomon Islanders, and had participated (because he could not help himself, so he said,) in a wholesale butchery to which that on the *Nora Creina* was a mere diversion. He had been drugged a second time in New York, and had made an enforced voyage to Santos, where he caught the inevitable fever. He had (and this happened within the past five years) seen his captain, both officers, and three men swept overboard into

the Atlantic by one of those abnormal waves which sometimes appear without any very obvious cause, and had drifted and rolled through a succession of gales for a week, with only himself and a boy to look after the ship ; for the rest of the lubberly crew had locked themselves into the forecabin and got drunk over their desolation. He had boarded a schooner which, with all her sails up, was drifting aimlessly about the Pacific near the Line Islands ; and he had counted fourteen islanders, all of them dead and most of them mutilated, stretched about her deck. He had been castaway for nearly two months on Trinidad Island in the South Atlantic ; and he told over again the marvellous story of treasure buried there from the sack of Lima with which Mr. Knight has made us all familiar. One ship on which he sailed had been dismasted while carrying coals from Newcastle in New South Wales to Coquimbo in Chili. Another, bound from the same port to San Francisco, had taken fire ; her captain with his men had lived over a volcano for a fortnight, had fought the flames, and, undeterred by one explosion after another, had continued fighting them, until one tremendous explosion lifted the main deck off, when they thought it expedient to take to the boats. Again, the *Elwell*, on which Sindbad sailed from Cardiff for Valparaiso, had caught fire on this side of Cape Horn, had been abandoned, and her crew had run in their two boats for the Straits of Magellan in the hope of being picked up by some passing steamer. The boats were separated, and one, with those on board, was never heard of again ; rain, hail, sleet, biting winds, and frost, with mussels and a biscuit a day for food, had done for most of those in the other before help came. She had made the Straits right enough, but lost herself

in one of the by-channels; which sufficiently accounts for the fact that sixty-eight days passed before the poor fellows were rescued.

Such are the chief episodes in the earthly pilgrimage of this old sailor; but they are diversified with an infinite number of smaller incidents any one of which might be enough for most men. One vessel, on which he sailed some ten or twelve years ago, carried kerosene oil in cases, among other cargo, from Philadelphia to the Far East. At Manila a Spaniard, named Salares, was shipped for the remainder of the voyage to Hong Kong, to take the place of a runaway. Salares went mad, and to avoid being put in irons, slid down the fore-hatch, which happened to be open to let the fresh air below, and took refuge in the lower hold, where the oil was stowed. Nothing could entice him on deck again. He kept all intruders away at the end of a spear, formed by splicing a sheath-knife on to the end of a long thin piece of wood; when he felt hungry he threatened to burn the ship unless food and drink were passed down to him, and there was no doubt that he would have done so had his demands not been promptly complied with. The danger may be imagined; but probably only those above, who were afraid of being blown to glory, could appraise it at its true value. Several expeditions were made below, but they were all repulsed, and some ten volunteers for the forlorn hope found themselves wounded more or less severely. At last the captain, tired of the suspense and fearing for the loss of his ship, in which he himself held shares, decided upon a concerted plan of action. He went below at the head of all his men, save those whose presence was necessary on deck. Each volunteer was armed with a pole like the madman's own, but without the knife; and each one

was protected by a shield made of the top of a packing-case. Even then it took four hands to capture the wretched creature. They hunted him as they might have hunted a vicious rat, over piles of cargo and into strange corners; it must have been an experience out of the common even for Sindbad. When finally taken, Salares was found to be wounded in the mouth and left arm, besides being badly bruised all over. He died ten minutes after being brought on deck, "and mighty relieved we felt," added our friend, "when we found him dead and the ship all right. We were for dumping him overboard then and there, but Captain Fitz was a gentleman and a Christian, and buried him with the usual honours,—funeral service, ship hove to, flag half-mast, and all the rest. And he threshed one Dutchman for heaving a clump of firewood at the corpse as it slid off the rail."

It has fallen to the lot of a very few men to take part within the space of twelve months in two such tragedies as those of the *Don Juan* and the *Northfleet*. The latter is well-nigh forgotten now, but those whose recollection of events goes back nearly twenty years will remember the thrill of horror that went up from one end of the land to the other at the news that an emigrant ship for New Zealand had been run down off Dun-  
geness by a foreign steamer, which had then made off, heedless of the terrible cries of the four hundred people on board her. The loss of the *Don Juan* involved an even greater waste of human life; but it touched Englishmen less, for the poor fellows were not their own countrymen, and besides, the affair took place almost at the other end of the world. The story forms an episode in the still unwritten history of coolie-labour, which has to tell of horrors undreamed of by those who have never been in the Pacific, horrors

which are no longer perpetrated openly only because of the tardy restrictions placed upon the trade by a not too solicitous legislature, and because of the presence up and down of war-ships instructed to protect the savage against the kidnappers and against himself.

The Don Juan left Macao, at the mouth of the Canton River, with six hundred and fifty Chinese coolies bound under contract for three years to Peru, where cheap labour is not too plentiful. A few days out a fire was discovered, caused maliciously, so the crew said, by one of the emigrants. It broke out in the cabin, so the surviving emigrants asserted, though they do not seem to have been in a position to know this. The exact truth never was found out, and never will be. Sindbad's version, slightly edited in accordance with a landsman's ideas of the English language, runs as follows.

"An able seaman named Harker, who was on watch among the coolies, said that a quarrel broke out because, when breakfast was sent down, it was found to be three dishes short; that is to say, thirty men had no breakfast, and nobody wanted to wait until the omission was remedied. There was a scuffle; one of the coolies made a nasty remark to the interpreter, who had charge of the lot, and he hit the fellow with his cane. A dozen of the man's cronies began to shy wood, and to shout *Ta-Ta*, which doesn't mean *Good-bye* but *Strike, Strike!* The interpreter pulled out his revolver, and retired backwards to the fore-hatch. The coolies dropped their rice-tins and made a rush. The interpreter went up the ladder like a streak of lightning; and Harker, whose station was at the foot, and who scented danger in the roar of the coolies, followed him equally fast. They got on deck just in time to drop

the iron grating of the hatch on to the heads of the three foremost pursuers; it probably hurt them, but there wasn't time to inquire into the matter. I stood on deck near that particular hatch and helped to keep the swarming, howling yellow men from pushing it up, while some others put the padlock on. The coolies then got from under the hatchway and seized stanchions from their bunks, with which they tried to beat up the boards of the deck. They were induced to desist by half a dozen pistol-shots fired in their direction; or rather, they shifted their position and went aft, where they sprung two planks, which, however, the carpenter nailed down again as quickly as might be. In the floor of the captain's cabin there were three small iron gratings, through which the first and second mate, the storeman (a Maltese), and myself watched to see what was going on below. On each side of the rudder were two small rooms; one full of old sails, old rope, and unmixed paint, the other containing bamboo hats. I couldn't make it out clearly myself, but the Maltese told me that he saw a man go into the first of these two rooms (which should have been locked) and immediately after we all saw smoke coming out of the room, and then fire. This happened about half-past ten, an hour and a half after the beginning of the row. Matters now became serious, the fire altogether changing the complexion of the business. Hands were set to the pumps, and a hose thrust through the ventilators; but the coolies, though drenched to the skin, pushed it back with boards. It was then taken to the after-hatch and put down there, while we fired pistols to frighten the men away. But most of them were mad by this time, and we clearly saw one fellow, who had got hold of the hose to carry it along to the seat of

the fire, clubbed on the head and killed with half a dozen stanchions. The brutes who murdered him broke the glass of the portholes and stuck the nozzle through, so that the water went into the sea, where it wasn't wanted. They had occasion to be sorry before long; that fire spread, sir, in the most astonishing way. These roaring madmen were now trying all they knew to get on deck; they even tried to come up the revolving iron ventilators at the side of the ship; but they would have killed everybody on deck had they once got there, and we had to look out for ourselves. The raving, the shrieking, the cursing, and the frantic efforts to burst up the decks, are altogether beyond my power to describe. All this time the smoke was belching up from below through the gratings, the sides were cracking, and the deck, under our feet aft, was becoming too hot for comfort. Then the fire burst out at the after-end of the ship, and I suppose all those coolies who weren't already dead made for the forepart. We could hear them praying and whining, for they had changed their tune by this time. Before mid-day, the main and mizzen masts went by the board, and we thought it time to get out the boats. There were four of them, but only two were used; the lifeboat sank because the plug was

lost, and there wasn't time to get the remaining one off the davits. Before the second boat sheered off, we threw all the spare spars, hencoops, and other truck overboard, for the benefit of whom it might concern. There were a few Chinese, about twenty-five, who had chanced to be on deck when the scrimmage began. They were sitting blubbing on the forecandle-head when we got over the side, but they dived for the floating wood and seven of them were picked up. There chanced to be a couple of junks near us, for we had made only a hundred and fifty miles from Macao; and in the end we got on board one of them."

"They did what they could to save life?" we asked.

"Not much," was the reply. "The junk-master wouldn't take us on board until the skipper had promised him ten dollars a head for every European saved. The ruffian wouldn't pick up a single one of his countrymen; those who swam alongside were pushed back into the water. We heard that the few who were saved got on board the other junk, and refused firmly to be thrown into the sea again. When we saw the *Don Juan* last she was burning right forward. The coolies? I should think they were all dead by that time."

## IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

THERE is a sound of singing that travels on the road, long, sweet, monotonous; the deep voices of men answering the high flute-like notes of children, alternating, meeting, and falling apart into silence with a slow recurrent melancholy. There is the glitter of sunshine upon a silver crucifix, whiteness of fine linen and the pale flicker of candles; there is a black as of mourning that dims even the brightness of the lusty spring; and always the voices rising and falling, long-drawn, sweet, and grave, with the strange remote sadness of a prayer: *Oh Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world*—

After the tall silver crucifix follow the little choristers, singing shrilly with the happy indifference of use and childhood, the swing of silver censers, the rhythmical twinkle of a silver bell, the pale unsteady tapers, and the priests, with the shining of silver wrought into the soft blackness of a velvet cope. There are many that follow after, and some of them weep; they follow, but at a little distance, and between them and the priests there is a stretch of sunlit road, where the spring sunshine makes a riotous glory, and where there is one that walks alone. The singers go before with taper and bell and the pale swaying crucifix; the mourners follow weeping as for one dead. But there is no coffin; only, on the bare patch of road, alone in the midst of the sunshine and the sweet strong spring air, one that walks alone.

It is a funeral on its way to the church, the saddest and strangest in the world; the funeral, as it used to

No. 441.—VOL. LXXIV.

be in Brittany, of a leper. The scourge had been found upon him and there was no escape; he must rise and be driven forth, and his place would know him no more. He had sat waiting for the end, looking dully from wife to child, with eyes that had already grown lustreless and dim; there would be time enough afterwards to weep, if lepers remembered how to weep. He could not rebel, he could not escape, there was not anywhere any hope; there was nothing to be said or done but to wait, only to wait till they came to take him away. His wife wept, and he watched her with a curious remote speculation; soon, very soon, when he was out of sight, her tears would be dried. She would laugh again presently, when he was dead and put away; and he, he would not be so dead, leper as he was, but he would hear her voice when he passed and yearn for her, or curse her. Already he almost hated her for her clean health; and a cruel pleasure swept through him at the thought that perhaps, since she had been constantly with him— Only, when he was dead, he would not care; he would hear many feet running to avoid his path, and he would not know which were the feet of his children; and when his wife laughed, it would be no more to him than a sound, like other sounds; he would not know, or care. Dead men did not feel; and already the sting was surely not so very bitter. There was nothing to do but to sit and wait, and to watch his wife and his young children; they wept, but they sat at the far side by the

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window, and they left him alone. It would not be long now before those came that were to put him outside of life.

And presently the priests and the choristers, with the strong smell of incense and the shining crucifix, had paused upon his doorstep, the doorstep which had been his in the days of his living; and he had looked at them, with a vague indifferent pleasure in the sight, and an impersonal interest in the matter which seemed very slightly to concern him. It was a fine funeral, with the great silver crucifix, and the glitter of silver on black, and the flickering tapers; it was a funeral such as one gave only to persons of position. The villagers were content with much less, when they had to pay for it; but it was the Church that buried the lepers. He had seen such funerals before, and he had followed in the crowd, well behind, with a careful eye upon the way of the wind. He had never thought very much about the one that walked after the priests, alone.

Holy water was sprinkled upon the threshold, and a blessing laid upon the house; and he was then bidden to unclot himself and to put on a black gown that the priest had brought, for he might carry nothing away with him into death; all that he possessed must be left behind. Perhaps he faltered for a moment in departing, and looked back; he was already no more than a dead man, but this had been his home, and his wife and children were there, weeping. He looked back; but they sat at the far side, with a breadth of air between them, and he was alone. Henceforward he would always be alone.

The crucifix and the silver bell led the way, glittering and twinkling. The choristers swung their censers, and the tapers flickered in the wind; and the priest's voice spread out

sonorously to meet the answering trebles, in long slow cadences: *Thou shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*

The sun is high and the sky pale and clear with the infinite distances of spring; the hedges are flushed with the purple of the swollen sap-filled branches, and pearly already with a multitude of small buds. There is here and there blossom, milk-white and frosted, or the faint green of young leaves; the bank beneath breaks into the yellow of primroses or tall slender daffodils, and the air is sharp with a fine wild fragrance of gorse bloom and new growth and fresh-turned earth. The world is lusty and full-blooded and superbly alive; it is only he that walks between the black-coped priest and the lagging crowd, only he that walks alone, that is dead. The high sky and the sunlight upon the sea, the blue distance and the swell of field and orchard he is to look upon no more; for him, after to-day, there will be nothing in all the world but the spot of ground beneath his feet. He may not raise his eyes from that earth to which, as a dead man, the Church has returned him, and of which the law makes him part. He will be presently no more than dust; from this life, that presses so beautifully about him, he is henceforward to be shut out.

In the church all is made ready for a funeral mass. The chancel is hung with black, and in the choir the tressels on which the coffin should stand are black-draped also; but there is no coffin: there is only, between them, a black mat on which kneels a man in a black gown. On either side, at head and foot, are set the tall funeral tapers, with their quaint sombre placards of skull and cross-bones; the crucifix is reared in the face of the altar; there is solemn



chanting, and behind the church is full of peasants, the women with their great white-winged coiffes loosened and hanging upon their shoulders in sign of mourning. All is in its usual place and order; only there is no coffin, but one that kneels, listening and looking confusedly, dully. There will be time enough to-morrow to think and weep, if lepers do either.

The service comes to its end; and now the dead man must be taken to his tomb. Once more they set out in the same order; once more they pass, led by the crucifix, the tinkling bell, and the swinging censers, out of the church, into which the leper, alive or dead, will never again enter. And between the priest and the lagging crowd is still the bare space where one walks alone. The sun shines brightly along the road to the village, but now they turn aside till they come to a hut upon the edge of the wood; it is a poor hut, a leper's hut, and they pause a little way off; there is danger in the air, and one need not go too close. The people huddle in a mass up the wind; only the priest goes forward even to the threshold, where he throws down the little property that a leper may possess. There is the black gown, with the huge black hood and the terrible red cross upon the shoulder; there are the staff, and the rope-girdle with its bell, from the sound of which all men fly, the sack to hold his food, the blanket which is all his bedding. And then he reads the commands, which the leper, on pain of death, must constantly obey: never to leave his hut save with his hood drawn down so that none may see his face; without his girdle with its bell, that at its sound all may avoid him; without his staff, that if he need food he may point to it, or his sack that it may be put therein without touch or nearing of him. Never to let his

flesh be seen, so much even as his mouth or the tip of his finger; never to speak wheresoever he may be; never to stand within ten yards of a clean man, save with the way of the wind; to give help to no man, and to receive none, whether for life or death; to look upon the earth continually and to remember that he is no more than a particle of it; to rejoice in the mercy of God, who made Heaven wide enough even for lepers to enter in; to hear mass through the leper's window, or standing "under the bells"; and to be buried some day in his hut without sacrament or service, for he was already a dead body, here and now committed to the tomb; a dead man in the eye of the law, a dead man in the holding of the Church, without rights over his possessions, his children, or his wife; a thing without name, to be henceforward known of no man, save as a leper.

Next the priest, indifferently pitiful, but accustomed, and not unwilling to be done with it, takes the consecrated earth brought from the cemetery, and throws it on the man before him, speaking the usual blessing on the tomb; and then he draws back a little to the spot where the choristers stand beside the crucifix. *Grant them, oh Lord, eternal rest, and let light everlasting shine on them.*

From the threshold of his hut the leper looks once more abroad for the last time. His wife weeps on the near edge of the crowd, and his children cling to her skirts; over her loosened coiffe she wears the black square of widowhood. They do not come near him; they will never come near him again. There has been no kind parting for him, as for other dead men; from the moment the scourge was found upon him, he had been outcast, aloof. They are alive, and he is utterly dead; his wife may

choose a new husband, and he,—he may walk in the wind of her wedding, and pick up the alms thrown to him. Or he may take, if he will, one to replace her, that like himself wears the hood with the terrible red cross, and beneath it is not yet grown too horrible.

The procession moves away, and the sunlight glitters on the white linen and the silver swaying crucifix, till it shines like an upheld point of white fire. The sound of singing travels down the road, long, sweet, exultant; the men's voices meet the treble of the children, in an interminable refrain of triumph and joy: *Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered.*

It is all over, and they are going home, to the wholesomeness of labour and sweet air and young life; and on the threshold of his hut the leper, left alone, puts on the cloak and the hood which are to hide his corruption, and is dead. But from far along the road that winds through fields and orchards to the church, comes still the sound of singing: *Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven.*

Leprosy was, it must be remembered, a very terrible and widespread scourge in Brittany, as elsewhere. It was so present a dread among the people, that the plague-stricken were driven out of the towns as if they were criminals, and the clean rose up in frantic repulsion against the unclean. Lest their dead bodies should lie in the streets and pollute the air, they were given, perforce, a trembling and unwilling charity; they were permitted to shelter themselves in the woods, and portions of bread and meat were laid on stones beside the way, where the leper, or the wolf, might seek them at night. If the leper died,—well, then, no one was to blame; it was no man's fault if the wolves grew over-bold, or the disease

were strong and quick. Sometimes, as all the world knew, it was very quick in doing its terrible work; at other times it lingered, and that was worse. He was dead and there was an end; to all who loved him he had been as a dead man already for so long. And the next leper that succeeded to his hut of twisted branches might clear it of his bones.

But reason and a growing self-defence presently compelled a greater charity. In the first place there were soon too many lepers. When a town found its woods haunted with infection, when a troop of hideous beings hung half-starved and ravenous about its gates, or fought for the bread and meat thrown out to them as to a pack of dogs, it was time to deal with this terror that lay constantly about it, and as constantly broke out in its midst. There were even those, fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, who at deadly risk kept their sick secretly hidden within their houses, a continual infection, rather than let them be cast out to join the hideous band that herded in the woods; it was time, and more than time, to meet the danger and provide against it according to the available means. So leprosy presently lost its worst horrors, and was treated, within the manners of the day, to a systematized but more consistent charity. It remained absolutely necessary that the leper should be cast out from among clean men, whether to herd with his like or to live alone; but at least his wants were reasonably provided for. He was fed sufficiently, lodged within four walls, allowed a table, a chair, and a pallet, clothes to wear and the possibility of hearing mass; and he was treated with no brutality. On the other hand he was condemned to an extremer isolation than had yet prevailed, a living death that

made of him no more than a hideous black shape to be avoided by all men. He was shut into silence : he was forbidden even to look upon the world about him ; and the very splendour of the funeral mass that the Church gave to a leper, declared the absolute death into which he had passed. But that he was set apart in a never-ending darkness and isolation, or forced to herd only with others of his kind, was no more than the inevitable consequence of the ever-present plague that was an equal danger to all men.

The villages provided huts for their sick in a remote corner of the parish, which grew presently into small settlements. Near the large towns hospices were built by the charity of princes or religious foundations. These were usually placed within sight of the greater roads on which there was the most traffic ; for though the leper was isolated, and become in himself a dead man, yet he was not to be forgotten ; he must be fed, clothed, and sheltered by the charity of those who passed by. These hospices were very numerous about the greater towns throughout Brittany ; one, for instance, near Rennes, kept up a curious feudal custom commemorative of its foundation long after it had ceased to shelter lepers within its walls. Once a year two of the inmates of the hospital were led solemnly to a certain stone "over against the house of Puy-Mauger, at the entry of the Rue de la Madeleine," where they had to "say their song" before the officers of the town and of the viscounty. The songs are even quoted in the ancient deeds which refer to this ; they seem to have been mere rhymes with little interest, of a few lines each ; and the proceedings closed with a prayer "for the lepers of the Madeleine." As a feudal duty, the song, or song and dance, is frequently to be met with ; but the custom is a curious

one as connected with a hospital of lepers, considering the absolute seclusion which was otherwise enforced on them.

In time, however, things changed, as things inevitably must change in the passing of years. The hospices and the clusters of isolated huts became settlements and even villages, where the lepers lived isolated still, but in communities, marrying among themselves and giving birth to children. Perhaps the disease had become already less frequent and less deadly ; or perhaps the stern system of isolation had confined the taint to the leprous families, and even there in time it grew weaker. At any rate the leper, if still set apart and outside the lives of others, had inherited a life of his own ; his settlements bore a common name, and gradually practised a common industry. They were known as *Ladgeries*, or more commonly *Madeleines*, from Saint Madeleine and her brother Saint Lazarus or Ladre, who, according to tradition, had founded a great number of "leproseries," and were the especial patrons of the plague-stricken ; and throughout Brittany one may trace the leper settlements by the names that remain to-day. There is the Madeleine near Saint-Servan, the Madeleine outside Vitré ; the Madeleine at Redon ; the Madeleine at Dinan ; there is a Madeleine near Vannes, at Pluvigner, at the place called the Cross of Saint Ladre near Morlaix ; and others, too many to name, scattered over the country and especially in the neighbourhood of towns, as they were founded long ago when leprosy was a very present scourge in High and Low Brittany. They are now villages like any other, when they are not populous suburbs ; and they retain from their ancient foundation only their name and their industry. For at each of these Madeleines there is

still a rope-walk. The leper's settlement was a Madeleine, the leper himself was a ropemaker; and still his children's children live in the same village, keep to the same trade, and bear witness, it may be, even in their names to the forgotten horror of their origin. There are names that are to-day empty of all significance, but once were cruelly descriptive; Le Gall, Le Galloux, Le Cacoux, which are now no more than names, as the Madeleines are now villages like any other, and within them a people no longer set apart. And yet after so many hundred years the ancient tradition of ill-will and repulsion has not wholly died out. They are still, these villagers, in the popular instinct outcast and abominable, though the feeling has weakened till it lingers mostly on the tongue and as a vague indefinable aversion.

Those who live in the Madeleine,  
Do not marry without pain,

is a proverb still quoted; and what was once entirely true is not yet wholly false. Such an one, especially if he be a ropemaker, actually does not win a wife at the first asking. "There are girls good enough for you in the Madeleine," or "I'll never marry into the Madeleine," are ready responses; and though now such scruples are

to be overcome, they are yet a strange and significant survival of the centuries.

And there is one other inheritance which has come down through the years, bearing pitiful witness to the ancient scourge; an inheritance of ill-health that has grown into a saying, so that when a child is born sickly or feeble, it is called *un vrai enfant de la Madeleine*. It is only, now, a saying, and, like most sayings, has almost outlived its truth; but it is a very sad and unmistakable testimony to the tainted blood, inherited from the days when leprosy was a constant horror, a death in life, for which a man was set apart from his fellow-men, and stripped of all that he possessed save only his corrupt and suffering body. It was surely a very terrible thing to be a leper in Brittany, in the days when he walked in his own funeral and heard mass said for his own soul; when he was shut out into a never-ending silence and isolation, a black shapeless terror, heralded by a tolling bell; a nameless unknown thing within sight and sound of all that he had loved, so that he might hear the voice of his wife among those that forgot him in laughter, or the feet of his children amid the feet that fled from the path of the walking Death.

## THE SLAVE OF SUMMER.

AFTER living for a few years away from cities, one begins to feel for all townfolk a tolerant compassion, which is too apt to be mingled with a less worthy sentiment. For as there are some who boast of their connection with personages of high station, so we who dwell in the country take a boastful pride in our intimacy with the country life. The infinite air holds secrets for us; the breezes have whispered them confidentially in our ear; and we are so lifted up that we look down upon the Londoner, and would like him to recognise how we have been honoured. Doubtless in our eyes there comes the same expression as may be observed by visitors to the seaside in the eyes of the chatty shoreman who has spent his life upon the beach. He appears to know all about the sea, as we do about the country. Yet he is no seaman; he lives between land and water, ignorant of the ocean. And in just his way, we, refugees from the city, stand only on the margin of the open-air life, where its waves break; we cannot put out and voyage away beyond our first horizon. On the deep water of the seasons we have never been; it is all unknown to us supercilious persons.

But they who work on the land know it well, too well, perhaps. Summer and autumn, that are a kind of pleasant picture-gallery to us, dominate the lives of the labouring people in the country, and tyrannise over all their thoughts. The winter has no such control over them; at best it is an interlude, a time for burying the old harvest and preparing for the new; at worst it is a cruel enemy that victimises and harasses

them. But throughout it all their tasks show that their relentless deity is the summer, to whom they are enslaved by an enchantment that is as enthralling to the senses, and sometimes as full of dread, as a sailor's quenchless infatuation for the sea.

Here is high summer upon us, the silent burning splendour of the heart of the warm weather. For us in the country, who can afford to be idle, the time goes gloriously, and we think that we love the summer. Yet this love of ours,—this liking, rather, that takes and gives nothing in return, this condescending amusement of an idle hour,—is it not as far from true love as the reading of a love-tale in a book? The stinging torments of the lover do not touch us, because our care for the heroine is so passionless. But who knows how lovely and how terrible the summer may be to those who are its servants, its creatures, its slaves,—to those whose fate it is to toil in the daylong sunshine, like the old man we have been talking with? To see him is to recognise that most of us have been merely flirting with the summer; but his love has been the passion of a life. In his face, always weather-worn and now wearing the rich livery of the sun, there is something akin to the parched hillside across the valley, where the dry grass is turning brown and the land looks hard and wrinkled in the heat.

Our friend is in his way a very Ulysses, although his travels have been confined almost wholly to the southern English counties. From one hayfield to another, and onwards to the Sussex cornlands as they

stretch out mile after mile; late one night carting timber home from the forest, then driving with vegetables into Covent-Garden Market; working in hop-gardens, road-making, scaffolding on new buildings, gravel digging in the winter while his boots froze on him, or again reaping on cliff-sides by the blue sea until he grew lean and black from sweating; visiting fairs, hawking on racecourses, travelling the road with gipsies,—the man has carried his life through always on his own back, has carved it out from day to day by the strength and readiness of his own hands. Come wet, come shine, either was met by him with unconcern; for he knew by experience that if good luck changes, so does the bad with equal certainty. Few men of sixty can have spent their years more eventfully than he.

And now, if you catch him in the humour, he will gossip as long as you care to listen, standing (it is his favourite attitude for a talk) and squinting away to the well-known hills, until he has veered round with his back towards you, and the talk, with an occasional jerk of the stubbly chin, comes back over his shoulder in sound not unlike the continuous droning of an old bumble-bee. Hum-drum talk it is, rambling always and sometimes long-winded, but spiced with precious touches of strong vernacular or racy and picturesque anecdote. As you listen, observing the while his thick stooping back and his bent legs, misshapen in their patched corduroys by many an ugly wrench, you get often, from the wagging head, from the hard sun-burned skin, and from the dry chuckle of his laughter, a consciousness of the sort of strength that grew up in English weather in England's old fighting days. This is Bettsworth's best flavour; it is not a modern one, the more is the pity for him now.

For at last the force that has carried him through so far is beginning to desert him. In the few years since we have known him he has visibly aged. It was five summers ago that he first came to us, then, as to-day, looking out for work, and found it until the winter set in. We well remember one quiet August evening that year, when half wistfully he told us how numbers of his neighbours from this valley had on the previous evening started off for harvesting in Sussex. "I 'spects they be well into it by now," he said dreamily, thinking of the jovial tramp by moonlight, the long burning days, the ale at evening, and the world-old harvest rites, still perhaps holding something of dim pagan superstition for him. It had been his annual holiday, this harvesting, which he was missing then for the first time during many years. Seeing the half-sad smile in his gray eyes, and hearing the dry monotonous voice, you felt yourself in the presence of some survival from far-off antiquity, as though the intimate knowledge of ancient joys and needs were still alive in the old man's mind, enriching it with a tangled world of mystery that grows ever more and more unfamiliar in these days of machinery and indoor life.

This marks really the commencement of his decline, this first failure to join the harvesters; for, as it happened, he was to have no other opportunity. The following summer brought the terrible drought of 1893, when the scanty corn, where it came at all, was cut with a scythe as though it had been hay. Few reapers journeyed into Sussex that year; and many men, who had hoped to earn a few extra pounds to keep them until the spring, were without work at all. Bettsworth was one of these. His eyes then had the same set glassy look of endurance which we



have seen in them since, during bad winter times. But he had weathered through ill-luck before; why should he not weather through it again?

Well, there was a short respite; but the winter held in store for him luck worse than he had ever known,—the bad luck that left him an old man, losing his grip on life. One frosty morning he slipped, hurting his leg; and supposing the hurt to be a mere sprain, he managed to hobble some two hundred yards to his cottage, where he lay in agony for two days before the club-doctor arrived to discover that both shin-bones were broken. To hear him then moaning to be out of doors,—“If on’y I could get a smell o’ the fresh air, I should get stronger”—was to understand how the weather had made the man its bond-slave. Working always in it, he had become saturated by it; the air had wrapped him in its enchantment and won him, until blood and tissue and the quick-healing bones yearned passionately for its caressing presence. Yet he was hardly able to crawl about again before influenza drove him back to his bed; weakening him so much that when next the harvesters started, and an offer of work reached him from a Sussex farmer, he was obliged reluctantly, almost tearfully, to decline it. “I can’t lay rough, same as I used to do,” he said. So the world began to withdraw from him; and his keen reaping-hook was degraded to the trimming of grassy banks in our garden.

But while the joys of the outdoor life are receding from him, there remain undiminished its exacting torments, looming darker and gathering towards the end, when rain and sun and summer air will leave him untouched. The summer, the toilsome money-earning season, asks of him as much as ever, and tantalisingly now, as a mistress demanding services

beyond his strength. He is wearing out. In former days it was his delight to be at work with horses; to-day he is too stiff to go safely with the quietest. Again, not long ago we watched him digging side by side with a younger man. Pluck and rugged obstinacy will achieve much, but they cannot enable a sixty-years’-old back and arms to keep pace with those of five-and-thirty. All this tells against him. At the best, it is not so easy to get work as when he was a younger man; and now it is a month or more since Bettsworth has had a day’s employment. How he and his wife live is known only to themselves and to others in a like predicament. At present, however, he seems hardly to foresee that the recovery from this spell of bad luck may be less easy for him than of old. Use and wont help to blind him. Often before, in the best season of the year, the same forced idleness may have pinched him as hard. Last year, for instance, was worse than this, during that prolonged drought in which hundreds of men suffered from want as if in winter. One day, we remember, he said to us, “I’ve bin all round Middlesham, and along to the Bull at Swankley. They’re hay-makin’ all along by the river there. I walked across the medder wi’ Thornley’s bailiff. He said there’d bin dozens along that mornin’, workin’ their way from place to place an’ wantin’ a job. Then I looked in at Fenwick’s. Their mangol’ ’en’t come up; an’ as for the grass, why, there wa’n’t a load to th’ acre. They took ’t up same night as ’twas cut down in the mornin’. He’ve got a job to find ’nough for his reglar ’ands to do. ’Tis as bad up there at Park Farm. Ye see, there ’en’t no pea-pickin’ nor nothin’ o’ that this year, on account ’o the dryth, to take any of ’em away up country,—” and so on, and

so on. The dry summer had the labouring people by the throat. On the following day Bettesworth's tale was similar. He had walked another round, dinnerless. One farmer "was sackin' some of 'is men—nothin' for 'm to do." Another was "haymakin', but didn't want no more'n his reg'lar 'ands." The glassy look came into the old man's eyes, and his voice hummed gloomily as he spoke.

These, and the like of these, are torments known to all the real votaries of the summer. Bettesworth knows them well. As his age increases, they will cloud his sky completely over.

But, while his strength lasted, there must have been in his life a glory that one would risk much to experience for once. A shining hint of it, a patch of blue sky not yet bedimmed, startled us after that dismal tale of the vain tramping in search of work. We bid him look round the garden and see what his hands could find to do. He thanked us, but without enthusiasm, and he made no attempt to find for himself even half a day's work. We watched him plodding off, and he looked neither to the right hand nor to the left.

Our first thought was that he was tired of working here, and preferred idleness; but that seemed incredible to us, who knew him. Besides, for him with his heavy feet, walking is more wearisome than work; yet that day and the next he tramped off again, wherever they were making hay. And then we perceived what was going on within him. He had seen the summer and its magnificence, as he used to see it; the magic odour of the new-mown grass had stirred his blood, intoxicating him with a passion of longing; the hot meadows,

with the sleepy horses and the wag-gons and the old familiar tasks had resumed upon him their ravishing enchantment. Dinner might go, and the chance of dinner; such trifles could not be regarded then. For, as in the ancient stories of a mortal who has loved a goddess, Bettesworth was a man enamoured of the summer; the summer goddess renewing herself for ever, holding him by the old charm, calling to him once again in the old way, so that he had forgotten that his own youth was gone. A victim he may have been, but an enamoured one: amorous of the sweetness of the summer grass, of deep continuous draughts of the summer air; of the great blaze of sunshine heating all the long day; of the homely companionship in toil; of the tired cool evening-times,—of all the wooing and the worship of the summer goddess.

That was a year ago, and now again he is out of work; but the same passion is sleeping in him still. Could you suggest it to him, he would forget his troubles for a time; his eyes would brighten and his face light up with pleasure. His old head is still stored and stirring with memories of hay-makings and harvestings, with pictures of gorgeous weather long since past.

Yet in a few more years it must all be over for him. As a dry summer grass-hopper, like Tithonus, he might perhaps be willing to live on, could such a dubious privilege be his. Of course one knows what must happen to him. He will pass into the workhouse, away from his goddess and parted from his faithful old wife. After that, the sooner he can escape the society of the unhappy paupers for "the grassy barrows of the happier dead," the better it will be for him.

## HOW'S THAT?

How rare it is in these days to see a cricket-match played really badly—played, that is to say, in the ancient primitive style, subject of course to the laws of the game, but without further skill than is afforded by a quick eye and a ready arm, or further art than is taught by simple mother-wit. It is almost distressing to see the polish that covers all our games. The English have long enjoyed the reputation of taking their pleasure sadly, but now they seem to do worse and take it seriously. What was begun as a pastime is continued as a profession; what was designed to beguile an afternoon becomes the study of a lifetime. New games, or old games revived, succeed each other in rapid sequence in the popular favour, and are as rapidly transformed from sources of enjoyment to sources of income. A few men gifted with natural aptitude study the new game, improve their skill by assiduous practice, and take possession of it as their own; the great majority, turning sorrowfully aside, look for something still newer, which men shall not be able, at any rate for a time, to play so well.

The phenomenon is not easily explained, but we suspect it to be due in great part to that exodus from the country to the town which has been so marked a feature of English life during the present reign. The greater number of our games were born on the village green, and were not designed for transplantation to the air of the city. They were devised for thick-headed rustic simplicity, not for the nimble urban intellect. Your townsman is a great deal too acute; he seizes too quickly on

the weak points of a game, and turns them to his own advantage. It is not that he is fonder of sharp practice than his rustic neighbour, but that he is swifter to see where it may be profitably employed. He is a methodical person, moreover, and requires exact definitions for the guidance of his conduct; a bit of a lawyer, he is fond of subtle distinctions, and living as he does among a crowd, he has a natural turn, as well as a natural facility, for organisation. And thus games in his hand become a matter of written rules, which require constantly to be altered and straitened to meet alike his scientific skill and his talent for evasion. They assume an artificial and highly organised form which is foreign to natural amusement: they demand a grander environment and a more expensive apparatus; and finally they imbibe sufficient of the competitive and commercial spirit to gain an unpleasant flavour of business.

The influence of the towns on sport has been not less marked. Sport, though it may seem heresy to say so, is essentially a rustic and an aristocratic thing, not to be understood by an urban and democratic population. Look at the urban race-meetings, Sandown, Kempton, and the like, and compare them with Newmarket, or, better still, with Doncaster; could anything more plainly show the distinction between the townsman and the countryman's idea of sport? Take shooting, again: there can be no question of the extraordinary skill shown in bringing the game to the guns, and in slaying them artistically when brought; and yet the trail of artificiality lies over it all, and the spirit

of competition, as distinguished from simple rivalry, shows itself painfully in the ceremonious counting and public recording of enormous bags. We will cheerfully plead guilty to idiocy, if required, but we prefer Colonel Hawker's exhausting days in pursuit of a brace of cock-pheasants to any number of such records. As to hunting, we fear that our views are not less heretical, for we hold that there is more real sport in the account of the trencher-fed pack in the first chapter of *HANDLEY CROSS*, than in all the columns of *THE FIELD* devoted to the shires for the last twenty years.

Cricket is, of all games, that which has emerged most triumphant from the ordeal, yet even cricket has been strangely transformed. It is governed now by rules as careful and scientific as those which govern the playing of the violin. No doubt this has enormously increased its interest to the spectators; and indeed men go to see a first-rate cricket-match in much the same spirit as they go to hear a first-rate orchestra. The great majority of such matches are played in towns before the eyes of a vast throng of townsmen and a select circle of reporters, whose business it is to prepare a kind of analytic programme of each day's play. There is abundance of keen interest and generally no lack of enthusiasm; yet, even so, the more provincial and rural the surroundings the greater is the excitement and the more genuine the appreciation. The old local rivalry when the country folk gathered round the country ground, watched every movement of their champions, and wagered pots of beer on their prowess, has not by any means wholly perished; but it has too often lost its freshness and its simplicity. Rivalry has given way to competition, the love of fight to the lust of victory. Local fame and the pride of local championship have paled

before established rank in the general world of cricket. In old days a compliment at the supper was enough. The rapturous applause which greeted such a sentiment as, "If I were not Dumkins I would be Luffey, and if I were not Podder I would be Struggles," conferred sufficient immortality on the illustrious representatives of All Muggleton and Dingley Dell. In our days they would be ambitious of quite other distinction, and would probably attain it through an abominable reproduction of their photographs. There would suddenly appear in some ephemeral series *DISTINGUISHED CRICKETERS, No. 1002, Mr. Luffey*, with full particulars as to his birth, breeding, and education, the furniture of his drawing-room, his wife's curling tongs, and his firstborn's perambulator. And so the hero of Dingley Dell would pass for one week from obscurity and contentment into a spurious notoriety, demoralising alike to himself and to his native place. All this is of the city, urban. The urban mind can indeed appreciate skill, but its vulgar curiosity is insatiable, and the forms it takes and the pains it will be at to gratify it are as mysterious and as many as Wiggles's intrigues.

It is curious to note the failure of cricket to take strong root in the old Saxon counties; the west of England does not naturally take to it. Gloucestershire, indeed, if that be reckoned part of the West country, has of course made a great name in the annals of cricket, but comparatively recently and principally owing to the rise of one family. Somerset, again, has within the last few years struggled to the front, and we are curious to see how long she will maintain her position. But Dorset is guiltless of cricket, and still more so are Devon and Cornwall. The explanation cannot lie in the fact that these counties are made over to an agricultural population; for such a defini-

tion would exclude Kent. Nor is there evidence to show that they fell behind the rest of England in respect of other rural sports, least of all in those that had their root in self-defence. There is not the least reason for supposing that the archers of Devon and Cornwall shot one whit worse than the rest of their countrymen, while both counties possessed their own schools of wrestling, though that, to be sure, has now ceased as a village pastime. There are not a few men surviving to whom the picture of the village-revels as painted in GEOFFREY HAMLYN is still full of life; and the two champions who divided the honours of the Exmoor district are still abroad, though past the allotted span of years, to tell of the days when they wrestled all through Saturday afternoon and went to church next day, if victorious, with the silver spoons which they had won flaunting conspicuously in their hats. But all this has passed away; and if the wrestling should ever be revived it will almost certainly be laid hold of by the townsmen for purposes of profit and gambling, and will go the way of the prize-ring.

But though there might seem to be plenty of room for cricket in Devon, we do not believe that it will ever flourish there. We have seen it planted again and again by enthusiastic parsons from other counties, encouraged by the rustics for a time with a certain spasmodic energy, and incontinently neglected so soon as the parson's hand was withdrawn. While it lasted it was primitive cricket indeed. Such a thing as a pair of flannel trousers was never seen except on the parson's legs, and the rasping sound of the corduroys when, as frequently happened, the greater part of the field ran wildly after some great hit, could be heard half a mile away. All that physical strength could do

was done. The bowling was all underhand of the most ferocious and, in the normal rough condition of the pitch, most dangerous description. If by chance some favoured mortal, such as the schoolmaster's son, had learned to bowl round-arm, his efforts, however feeble, were treated with the respect due to superior science. The batting was of two kinds, which were never combined in any one individual. The eleven was distributed into *blockers* and *hitters*. It was the function of the former to keep up their wickets and of the latter to make runs: in fact the one represented the defensive and the other the offensive element, like the old pikemen and musketeers; but somehow the division of labour did not fit in well with the nature of the game, and the scores were never very large. The hitting, indeed, was of like ferocity with the bowling, for there was no lack of quick eyes and strong arms; but the blocker was generally averse to hard running, except in favour of some feeble stroke of his own, and the result was that blockers and hitters generally ran each other out. Then came recrimination and not unfrequently faction; for the blocker represented science and the hitter brute force, and these two are everywhere and at all times antagonistic.

The game never really took root in those Western hearts. They went through it willingly, for in Devon they are a well-mannered, complaisant folk who will follow a keen leader anywhere from simple tenderness towards his feelings, but they played without real interest or enthusiasm. If, as frequently happened, a fisherman came flogging down the river which bounded one corner of the ground, many eyes in the field turned wistfully towards him. The small boys ran straight away from watching the game and discussed every cast of the

line and every fish that rose in awe-struck whispers, begging permission to examine every captive minutely before he was put in the basket. There was not one of them who would not have preferred an hour's groping after trout to a whole afternoon at cricket; and the men, if called upon at a moment's notice to draw the stumps, cut themselves sticks, and fall in to beat a covert, would have responded with joyful alacrity. We would by no means imply that the sporting instinct is incompatible with a love of cricket; but it is certain that in Devon, where the former is unusually strong, the latter is altogether wanting. Whether this be due to a relaxing climate, or to the ever-present menace of rain, we do not pretend to decide; but we are pretty confident that the majority of Devonshire boys could be lured at any moment from cricket even by so unattractive a bait as the prospect of taking a wasps' nest.

Nevertheless we think that the most primitive cricket-match that ever came under our observation was one in which we took part many years ago in a tropical island. Nothing shall persuade us to give any clue as to the identity of the said island; it must suffice that it lies within the tropic of Cancer, and that the white people therein, being of English descent, have a certain knowledge of English pastimes and prosecute them with as much energy as a high thermometer may permit. We must here confess to an uneasy feeling that cricket, except when played on English turf, is somewhat unreal. Deep down indeed in our heart lurks the doubt whether the Briton was meant to be more than a sojourner and a pilgrim in lands where his native grass refuses to grow. We are well aware that we are thereby excluding him from many colonies that enjoy a reputation for prosperity and a still

greater reputation for cricket; but the doubt is there, and we have never been able wholly to repudiate it. There is something about the eternal blue sky and the eternal blazing sun that seems ill-fitted for the children of these foggy islands; and an eternal hard wicket never appears to us quite in keeping with the uncertainty of the noble game. Even in seasons of drought, such as last year and the present, the monotony of the weather engenders a certain monotony of feature in a harvest of great scores.

After this, it will not surprise our readers to learn that we have, for our own part, and to our great misfortune, never attained to the least skill at cricket. Like all Englishmen, we played strenuously as a boy, and even now are never weary of watching the game; but we have only just sufficient knowledge to appreciate its difficulties, and the rest is awe. We never thought even to have played a match in the tropics, for we had a full sense of our own incompetence and a dread, which sad experience had proved to be not unreasonable, of the tropical sun. In a strange land it is easy to pass for one who, though not a player, is a good judge of the game, and this was the reputation which we sought by judicious reticence to establish. But one fine day, when an emissary came round to piteously entreat us to make one of an eleven to represent the old country against the island, our resolution began to waver. The match was to have been between the garrison and the island, but the garrison was too weak to take the field without the help of civilians, and even the civilians who could be depended on were few. The honour of the old country was at stake, and in a moment of weakness we consented.

The match, by a merciful dispensation, did not begin until the afternoon. It was a blazing day with a fierce sun



and a cloudless sky. The canes that bounded one side of the ground were dense and high, and the negroes, who were crowding back for the harvest, were present in hundreds. The audience was distinguished as well as large. The wives of nearly all the high dignitaries of the island were there, and most of the dignitaries: the General with his aide-de-camp; the Bishop in holiday, and somewhat unepiscopal, garb; the Military Secretary with a blue envelope peeping out of his pocket, and the Colonial Secretary in his best white hat; and, for a short time, his Excellency the Governor himself. Even the Military Chaplain came out with a mob of white-faced children hanging on to both hands, and gave the monthly nurse a chance of leaving her patient for a moment to peep at all these great personages from the verandah.

It was no easy matter to make up our eleven. Three English non-commissioned officers in regulation helmets, grey flannel shirts, very dirty white trousers, girt about with red belts and clasps of extremely florid design, were ready and, judging by their language, thirsting for the fray. A blue-eyed, fair-haired subaltern, fresh from England and not yet exhausted by the cumulative burden of the heat, was also on the alert, and a young officer of the Pay Department with him. A little captain with a large moustache was importunate with every man he met to play for the honour of the British Army; and a young Irish doctor, fresh from the hospitals, and apparently not very confident of his prowess, was only kept up to the mark by two more of his own profession, one of whom was prepared to play if wanted. These, together with ourselves, made nine; whence the other two were to come from no one knew and apparently no one cared. Then came the

question of a captain. No one had thought of this; but as all the work so far had been thrown on the subaltern, and as every fresh problem that arose was referred to him for solution, it was decided that he should be captain. With his honours fresh upon him he called *Heads* to the spin of the coin, and amid the loud murmurs of his side was declared to have lost. Fortunately the island eleven generously sent our side to the wickets, and the danger of immediate mutiny was averted.

The subaltern and the paymaster went to the wicket, and then it was discovered that our umpire was missing. "Billy," yelled half a dozen voices at the unlucky subaltern, "who's the umpire?" "The Major," he yelled back; but the Major was not to be found, and it was necessary to provide a substitute until he should think fit to appear. Meanwhile the match began, and the two batsmen, both of whom could play a little, were just getting set, when, in an evil hour, the Major arrived and with many apologies took his place as umpire. He had been to the club, he said, on important private business and could not get away before. Those who knew the gallant officer looked at him with some curiosity as he made the announcement; but he walked to the wicket with great dignity, and there was no more to be said. In the very next over a ball struck the top of the paymaster's pad and passed into the wicket-keeper's hands. "How's that?" asked the bowler of the Major. "Out," said the Major. "Why, it hit my pad!" protested the paymaster, who had a liver and therefore a temper. "Pad be d——d," retorted the Major, who disliked the batsman; "do you think I don't know the difference between a pad and a bat? If you had said it hit your head, I might have mistaken the

sound of that." The paymaster withdrew scowling, for he took himself seriously as a player.

Next came the little captain, who took guard with extreme care and deliberation, and faced the bowler with a vacant stare. The very first ball sent his bails flying, but he remained standing in an expectant attitude till the subaltern went up and led him away, seizing the opportunity to implore us to go in next. We were by no means anxious, but from sheer pity for him we consented. The subaltern now had the ball, and for a time we contrived by hard running that he should keep it; but at last our turn came, sedulously though we had shirked it. The glare was blinding, the wicket very lumpy, and the bowler whom we had to face was a long thin young fellow, tough as pin-wire, whose pace was a great deal faster than we liked. We inwardly prayed that he would put us out of our misery by bowling a straight ball, but he was merciless, and made us tremble for our limbs. The second ball grazed our pad and went for three. "Hit," sang out the Major to the scorer, and down went the runs to our account. "You'll be wanting a drink presently when you get out," he continued, rightly judging that our wicket would soon fall, "and you might tell them to send me out a little whiskey and soda at the same time." He became lost in meditation at the prospect, and presently a ball bumped high and struck the subaltern hard on the arm. "How's that?" asked the bowler, who thought it time to rouse the Major from his absorption. "Eh?" answered the Major starting. "Out, of course. It's no use rubbing your arm, Billy; you won't catch me with that old trick. Out you go!" The subaltern, who had an angelic temper, laughed and retired; and in a minute or two a negro came out to the pitch with a

long glass for the Major. Meanwhile the bowler, not a little disconcerted, ventured feebly to hint to him that his last decision had been, quite unintentionally of course, a little unjust. The Major eyed him sternly for a time in silence. "Look here, young man," he said at length, "I was playing cricket before you were born, and I never saw a fellow yet who didn't rub his arm when he was fairly out leg-before. Billy's a good boy [here he took the glass from the servant], but he shouldn't have tried it on with me. I am here to see fair play, and I am not going to favour my own side or any other side." So saying he stalked majestically as Achilles to square-leg, and placed himself in the musketry position, sitting on his right heel, with the long glass on the ground by his side.

After this disaster the eleven of England went rapidly to pieces. Our own fate was presently decided by a straight ball, and then two of the non-commissioned officers were together. They called very loud to each other to "come on," and "go back," with the result that they were soon found both at the same wicket, discussing with extreme indignation the knotty point as to which of them was to blame for the disaster. In half a minute they were brandishing their bats in each other's faces, and daring each other to mortal combat. Fortunately they were separated without blows, and one of them was at last persuaded to retire, vowing vengeance as he went. The rest of the wickets fell quickly, and as we were unable to raise more than nine men the innings came to a premature end. The little captain indeed volunteered to go in again if any one would run for him, but the offer was rejected, less on the ground of irregularity than of the unlikelihood of any addition to the score. The island eleven made

haste to get into the shade, and the Major majestically pocketed the bails and made his way, with the long glass empty, to the refreshment-tent.

And now there appeared a strange reluctance among the eleven of England to go out into the field. The paymaster, who was still rather sulky, complained of an old injury to his knee and doubted if he should be able to play for long. The Irish doctor said something about duty in the hospital, but was promptly snubbed by the offer of several of his brethren to take that duty for him. The little captain professed himself, like Wellington's army, ready to go anywhere and do anything, but put in a saving clause that the action of his heart had been weakened by fever on the West Coast of Africa and that any unusual exertion might lead to fatal results. The three non-commissioned officers one and all averred that they had received medical warning against excessive exercise and exposure to the sun. After some trouble, however, all were coaxed out and disposed with considerable difficulty in their places in the field. The Major, after dressing the stumps with great show of accuracy, put on the bails with extraordinary caution, and in a stern voice called "Play!"

Once more the initial efforts of England were successful. The subaltern and the paymaster could both bowl a little, and after a very few overs secured two wickets between them. But then the long thin man, who had bowled with such ferocity, came in and began to hit with exasperating freedom. Presently the paymaster stopped midway in the delivery of a ball and declared that his knee had given out and that he could bowl no longer. He finished the over and limped from the field with suspicious alacrity; and the awkward question arose, who should

take his place. The little captain volunteered his services, which were accepted, although there was no small curiosity as to the result. Hitherto he had stood at point, with his mouth wide open, staring straight to his front and utterly indifferent as to all that passed around him; he now took his place at short slip and gazed earnestly at the wicket. His chance soon came in the shape of a sharp catch. He made a feeble gesture with both hands; the ball struck him full in the chest, and to the general dismay he staggered and fell to the ground. The Major called loudly for brandy, which was quickly brought and liberally administered; the sufferer opened his eyes, rose to his feet, and refusing all assistance walked to a chair, wherein he settled himself with an ineffable smile of comfort and relief.

The subaltern with great readiness seized the moment to impress a couple of schoolboys as substitutes in the field, and then ran up and told us abruptly that we must bowl. "Bowl," we answered, "we never have bowled and never could bowl." "You *must* bowl," he answered, "for there's no one else to do it." This was unanswerable, and we bowled accordingly. What havoc these two batsmen made of our feeble efforts we cannot describe, but they made a fabulous number of runs. The demoralisation of our eleven advanced by leaps and bounds. The captain was powerless. The three non-commissioned officers, forgetting their quarrel, stood in a little group apart and ran fitfully after a ball, if it came close to them. The Irish doctor, still nourishing his wrath, posted himself as far from the wicket as the ground permitted; while his elder colleague stood at point in an attitude of sleepless activity, and did nothing. The Major sat, immovable as Theseus, on his heel at square-leg :

the two schoolboys soon grew tired of their share in the wondrous game; and the whole of the bowling and most of the fielding fell upon the subaltern and ourselves.

At last one of the batsmen skied a ball to the very heavens over the group of non-commissioned officers. The centre one of the three solemnly waved his companions away and stood expectant. We can see him now winking and blinking under his helmet, with the brass badge gleaming like fire in the sun, till the ball slipped through his fingers and fell to the ground. Then he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears. "I told you I couldn't hold it, sir!" he exclaimed between his sobs. "I *told* you I couldn't hold it," and, quite inconsolable, he was led weeping from the field. This interlude gave us a little rest; and at the very next ball the subaltern brilliantly fielded a hard return off his own bowling, and threw the ball in beautifully to us, who put down the wicket with a flourish and a triumphant "How's that?" just after the flying batsman had dashed past it. "Out," said the Major solemnly. "Out!" indignantly repeated the batsman, who had never made so many runs in his life before and had framed foolish ideas about his first century. "Out," re-echoed the Major with great de-

cision; "both batsmen at one wicket, one *must* be out." "This is becoming ridiculous," said the batsman contemptuously, after a little thought had explained to him the duplicity of the umpire's vision and the reasoning that had been founded on it. "Ridiculous be d——d," retorted the Major; "question my decision and I'll draw the stumps." Then, suiting the action to the word, he rose to his feet, stepped solemnly forward, and swept the stumps out of the ground. The batsman stood aghast, but the Major stalked away with the three stumps under his arm, and never paused or looked back till he had stowed them away safely in his barrack-room.

This ended the match. The official portion of the audience had long since discreetly taken its departure, and few remained, fortunately, to see the end. We were fairly exhausted after our exertions, and the subaltern, though still sweet-tempered, had also had more than enough. We laughed till we cried as we talked over the day's work after dinner; and though we saw many other cricket-matches in the island we never witnessed one approaching in peculiarity to this. But for our own part we never played again. Except as a spectator, we had had enough of cricket under the tropical sun.

AN ITALIAN 'ADVENTURER'.<sup>1</sup>

(AN EPISODE IN THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE OF CAMBRAY.)

A MAN can so easily be pleasant if he has no principles. Leonardo Trissino was a member of that community of agreeable scamps who are popular with every one except their near relations. He married young, his wife being his cousin Tommasina Trento. The Trissini and the Trenti were two of the leading families of Vicenza, enjoying their full share of the municipal honours which the Venetians, most liberal in the matter of local government, left to the discretion of their mainland towns. Leonardo was married in 1493, and before long he was fast in the grip of the Jews. His father-in-law, as usual, bore the brunt; he engaged to satisfy Leonardo's creditors, taking over the administration of his estate. Before long he had also to find a home, and make future provision for his daughter and grand-children.

Agreeable as Leonardo was, he one night killed a man. The victim was a knight, a doctor-of law, and a public official; and Leonardo Trissino was forced to fly the country. Several of the exile's letters still exist. They are always appeals for money, which, curiously enough, he always seemed to get. Tommasina is never mentioned, but the money must be sent in desperate haste; it is almost unnecessary to add that the writer had

been extremely ill, but was now a little better.

Leonardo's letters were usually posted from the Brenner Pass. An exile from Vicenza would naturally make for Trent and thence for Innsbruck. The Emperor Maximilian had, for political and pecuniary reasons, married a Milanese wife, Bianca Maria Sforza, whose household was controlled by one of the Emperor's chief favourites, the Prince of Lichtenstein. When Maximilian came, as was his custom, to hunt chamois in the Tyrol, Prince Lichtenstein came with him, and brought in his train the Italian refugee who was, like many unsatisfactory characters, an admirable sportsman. Trissino not only kept up with the Emperor in his venturesous scrambles, but sometimes beat him. Maximilian was too true a sportsman and too great a gentleman, to be jealous; he dubbed his comrade a Golden Knight.

It is still a tragedy to have to leave Vicenza, even though no wife be deserted, though the only creditor be the landlord of the comfortable hotel, and though all that has been killed be time. The city is set upon the plain, but the Bacchiglione which sweeps round it has still the swing of a mountain torrent, and the grove of plane trees without the gate gives a sense of cool and comfort unusual to Italian towns. Northwards stretches the fruitful plain, broken by ridges which are the outposts of the Alps; Catherine Cornaro's classic home of Asolo still stands upon its wooded

<sup>1</sup> The writer is under great obligations to an article in the *NUOVO ARCHIVIO VENETO*, ii. 1, by the Abbate Domenico Bostolan. From this he has derived many details of Trissino's career not given by Da Porto and Sanuto.

height; the walls and towers of Marostica, still intact, lie like an outspread fan upon the mountain slope; the ramparts of Bassano bar the narrow outlet of the Val Sugana pass, which leads into the very mysteries of the Alps; the northern horizon is a broken hazy line of rock and snow. But Vicenza, strange to say, has a mountain of its own. Immediately outside its gates to the south rises the steep ridge of Monte Berico, an unexpected and eccentric outcrop from the plain. Hereon are the summer houses and the gardens of the Vicentine gentry. Beyond them wood and copse, with violets, Christmas roses, snowdrops, and yellow wood anemones, tempt the walker for miles along the promontory which breaks the level sea of Lombard plain, whose ripples are the young waving wheat and its billows the lines of mulberry and elm.

Vicenza is a conservative town; still the centre of a rich agricultural district it has never suffered the social and architectural distortions of active manufacture. The great families of the fifteenth century, the Da Porto, the Trissini, the Thieni, the Trenti, are the leading gentry still; they live in their old palaces; they occupy the same seats in their respective parish churches beneath the memorial slabs of ancestors some centuries apart. On the plain their great villas, half farm, half country-house, stand back from the old highroads among their ricks and vineyards and the cottages of their hereditary tenantry. Life in the rural districts between the Alps and the Po changes only with the cycle of the seasons. The deliberate oxen with their creaking carts, the toy ladder of the vinedresser, and the Virgilian plough, the three-cornered spade, and the clumsy pruning-hook are as they were two thousand years ago.

Vicenza is beautiful to-day, but at

the moment when Leonardo fled it was at the zenith of its glory, for it never quite recovered the storm and stress of the succeeding years. It is true that since then Palladio encased many a noble's house with columned fronts, at once pedantic and poetic, hybrids of severe knowledge and exuberant imagination. In the palaces of Trissino's friends the round-headed Romanesque windows relieved by little diamonds and cubes of projecting brick, remnants of which a sharp eye may sometimes even now detect, had given place to a frontage of Venetian Gothic. But the peculiar glory of the Vicentine palace was and is its Gothic balcony, hung on gala days with Oriental carpets on which the ladies leaned to watch the horsemen pass. In the broad court behind the house the fountain plashed and the hounds lay slumbering in the sun. In the shade of the wide balcony above, or in the gardens on the hill, the young Vicentine gentry read their poems to each other or discussed the philosophy of love. Among the cynosures of this cultivated group was the main authority for our scapegrace hero's story, the young Luigi da Porto, poet, letter-writer, and novelist, the author of the piteous tale of Romeo and Juliet. As yet, however, he was still fresh from his training in the court of Urbino, the nursery of high culture, graceful soldiery, and fine manners. Another ornament was Leonardo's cousin, Gian Giorgio Trissino. He too had his failings in domestic life, but his spirit of adventure found vent in literary novelties; as a writer of Platonic dialogues, and of the first real Italian tragedy, *SOFONISBA*, he found wealth and fame far beyond the limits of his native town.

Under Venetian rule Vicenza had enjoyed peace for more than a hundred years, and this through the troubled fifteenth century when other



Italian States, when France and England, Spain and Germany were racked by perpetual war. It is hard to realise to the full the bearings of such unbroken rest. What great continental city can even now boast that it has seen no hostile army since 1790? But some little foretaste of trouble, thanks to Trissino, Vicenza had in 1508, the year which preceded that of wrath. The Venetian armies were in the mountains on the frontiers of the distant Friuli, beating back the Emperor's troops from Cadore, the home of the young Titian. Of a sudden the news reached Vicenza that some seven thousand German foot, with three hundred horse, had on a dark rainy night scaled the mountains to the south of the Val Sugana, and were on the march over the wild table-land of the Seven Communes. This district was inhabited by a German colony which some two centuries before had pressed downwards from the Alps, and then, when the tide of Teutonism ebbed, had been left stranded as on an Italian Ararat. To the present day it speaks an old German dialect and leads an old German life. If these Imperialists crossed the table-land, nothing could save Vicenza. Many families fled the town, and in the Seven Communes the villagers, with their priest and cross and sacrament at their head, went out to propitiate or conjure the unwelcome apparition. The invaders retreated as suddenly as they had come; the country was probably too inhospitable for their maintenance, for, as a Venetian envoy at the Court of Charles the Fifth once wrote, in a German army the horses eat and the men drink so much that they are slow to move and difficult to keep. Then came the news that the leaders of the band were four Venetian exiles, and that one of them was Leonardo Trissino.

In the following year the League of Cambray had banded Europe against the Republic of Saint Mark, and all her mainland territory was in a turmoil. Her chosen leader, Bartolommeo d'Alviano, visited Vicenza and examined the defensive possibilities of the town. He began to draw a ring of trenches round the city; suburbs were destroyed, gardens wasted, mulberry trees cut down. Worst of all he must needs enclose a part of Monte Berico within his lines, and the luxurious villas and gardens of the gentry must be sacrificed. The peasants instead of gathering their spring crops and tending their vines, were impressed for work upon the trenches; others were driven from their homes and lost their all. There was loud lamentation; the nobles sullenly complained that the sacrifice was vain, that should the Venetians be beaten in the field, the works would not be ready for defence, and that if they held their ground they would not be needed. But Alviano, a rough swaggering soldier, would take no denial; a Roman Orsini by adoption, he took upon him the overbearing manners of the house which to the gentler Florentines had long been a by-word. As war came nearer, Cremonese gentlemen passed eastwards under Venetian escort, that their disaffection might be damped by the air of the lagoons until the storm was over. Then through Vicenza, westwards towards the Adda, poured Alviano's levies, clad in his colours, in tight parti-coloured stockings and jerkins of red and white. Mere militia were most of these, men who had never known war, and were torn weeping from their homes. They would make little fight, said the professional cavalry officers and young nobles like Da Porto; yet when they were called milch-cows by the regulars they proved quarrelsome. A month more and

Alviano was a prisoner in the great rout of Vailà. The lion of Saint Mark himself could not have fought more fiercely than the too venturesome general. The milch-cows had gone straight at the French, a feat unparalleled for Italian infantry of that age. They had beaten back the foot and charged the guns, only to be mown down line behind line by the unrivalled French artillery. Bayard, with his rear-guard wading to the waist through the flooded meadows, had completed the discomfiture. But never, said the experienced Captain Lattanzio of Bergamo, had he seen infantry fight like these raw recruits.

Nothing could now stay the French advance which swept forward to the Mincio. Here at length it paused, content with hanging the defenders of Peschiera from their ramparts for daring to resist a King of France. The King had conquered his allotted share; the land from the Mincio to the lagoons was Maximilian's portion. Verona, Vicenza, and Padua shut their gates against the retreating troops. In the panic, the Venetian Governors, the Captain and the Judge, lost their customary influence. The local gentry once more, after a hundred years, reassumed the lead. Popular as Venetian rule was with peasants and artisans, the nobles were seldom quite content. They resented their inferiority to the Republic's Rectors who came to rule them; they found little employment in the Republic's service; their faction-fights were quelled, and any injustice towards the poor rigorously repressed. Now too they were tempted by the prospect of Imperial titles, while a foreign Emperor would ride with a looser rein "the restive Italian steed" of Dante's verse.

Strangely enough there was no Emperor to take the magnificent territory left at his disposal. Maximilian

was hunting in the Tyrol; he was no longer young, but for him a pair of cities was never worth a chamois. In their perplexity the Vicentine nobles bethought them of their townsman, Leonardo Trissino. His own and his wife's relations begged him to offer to the Emperor the city which would give itself to the first comer; they implored him to return, promising money and all that he could need. Trissino went joyously to Prince Lichtenstein; with an Imperial commission he would win the whole Trevisan March, nor cost the Emperor a ducat or a man. The Prince despatched him on his venture, promising to send the commission after him: he thought to himself that no German officer could go without a considerable force, and he had not the money to raise a soldier; should Trissino prosper, well and good, if he should fail, there was no great loss, and his master was not committed.

Trissino crossed the Brenner to Trent, and there he found six Stradiots, light horsemen from Albania, deserters probably from the Venetian army. With these as a nucleus he gathered some ten horsemen and sixty foot and went on his way to Roveredo. Meanwhile his extemporised force began to dwindle, and he soon found himself at the head of some five-and-twenty ragamuffins, "bandits, charcoal-burners and vagabonds, all black and greasy, dirty and tattered." Of brave words and men in buckram, however, Trissino had abundance. He wrote to the town of Schio, which had Imperial sympathies, ordering quarters for five thousand foot and four hundred horse; he had already demanded the submission of Vicenza; if she would not open her gates to Caesar, he would spare neither life, property, nor sex.

The Venetian governors were still in Vicenza, but they had sent off their

artillery and ammunition, their books and military chest to Padua. They vainly protested against the proposal of the local Committee of Government to surrender to Trissino. Sensible as all Venetians were they recognised defeat; they abandoned the insignia of office, closed the governmental palace, and refused to administer justice. A deputation of nobles and lawyers, clothed in silk, with gold chains round their necks, rode out to Malo to beg the exile to re-enter his native town. They persuaded him without much ado to abstain from quartering upon the city his numerous phantom force. Trissino was by this time in condition to meet his fashionable friends, for his ill-used father-in-law had made him a present of £10, and sent him twenty yards of velvet with five yards of gold braid. Thus on June 5th, 1509, Trissino returned in splendour after fifteen years of exile, escorted by some eighty horsemen to the sound of drums and trumpets and clanging bells. The Committee of Government gave him the keys; its spokesman made an elegant address, to which he paid no attention and attempted no reply. Leonardo had in fact almost forgotten his native tongue; but he pleased every one by his modesty, and was equally agreeable to all comers. The self-appointed Governor dismounted at the Captain's palace, where a magnificent dinner awaited him. Hence the town-crier received the order that no townsman should bear arms, and that fathers should be responsible for the transgressions of their sons and masters for those of their servants; "A most unheard of notice," wrote the Venetian chronicler of these events, "learned by him from the barbarous Germans beyond the mountains, who are always studying how to be more cruel." The order was doubtless needed, for the departure of the

Venetian Governors, who had slipped from their houses in plain clothes and ridden off for Padua, was the signal for disturbance. Some of the citizens had marched round the town in arms, crying *Empire, Empire!* But these were met by the men of the poorer suburb of Saint Piero headed by one who carried a banner with a cock thereon, and these artisans with shouts of *Saint Mark, Saint Mark!* set upon the aristocrats and slew a doctor of laws and others. Nevertheless the classes beat the masses back and hoisted the banner of the Empire. Then in the great oblong piazza night was made merry. From the Captain's palace and the Court of Justice torches flared and huge candles flickered; a barrel of powder was bought to pass for fireworks; a blazing bonfire on the pavement threw up its sparks as though to top the giddy height of the ruddy bell-tower. Italian men are easily made boys; and in nights so short it is waste of time to think of the long to-morrow.

At the head of the chief square in every Venetian town stands a column, and on it the winged lion with its paw upon the open gospel; it is the symbol of Venetian sovereignty. This lion was by Trissino's orders dashed into atoms on the pavement, and replaced by a trumpety gilded eagle. The item of payment to the destructive mason may still be read. To the artistic Da Porto this was a Vandal's act; he cared not for the shame done to Venice, but for the ruin of a masterpiece of beauty, such as the most famous sculptor of the ancient world might well have carved. The lesser people loved their late masters and their lion. They gathered together the broken limbs and hid them till better times. The less comely parts, however, were seized by some nobles of Cremona who had escaped from Venice and were passing

homewards through Vicenza. As they rode through Monteleone, a large village towards Verona, they jested indecently at the poor fragments of the lion, whereon the villagers fell on them in fury, wounding many and killing some. This was perhaps the first symptom of reaction in favour of Saint Mark, for before long every strong village was a hornet's nest to German and French invaders. The peasants would cut off the convoys, break the bridges, delay the siegetrains. Day after day they watched the Marquis of Mantua, a fierce enemy of their lords, until at length they pounced upon him sleeping, and seized him in his shirt. The secret of this was the Republic's even-handed justice, elsewhere in Italy, unknown. "One thing," wrote Bayard's biographer, no friendly witness, "must needs be noted, that never on this earth were lords so well loved by their subjects as the Venetians have always been, and this alone for the great justice wherewith they rule them." One hundred and fifty years later Harrington bore witness to Bayard. Since then English and French ignoramuses and idealists have conspired to blacken the aristocracy, which knew and did its duty to the only grateful poor.

Trissino, meanwhile, had been invited to take Padua in his master's name. To make his entry more effective he hired a hundred barefoot German lanzknechts for the day, and pressed into his procession all the nobles of Vicenza. Da Porto, opportunist beyond his years, unwilling to commit himself so far, pleaded a bad arm, but Trissino would take no excuse. The Paduans who rode out to meet their new ruler returned almost mad with joy: he was the most generous of mankind; he would give to the citizens every imaginable privilege, and would divide among the nobles the wide estates of the Venetian

gentry; the Emperor would confirm his every act. No wonder that the guns thundered and the fifes played, and the ladies waved a welcome from their balconies as the dandy Governor rode by. Then it was that the lion over the doorway of the Captain's palace was blown into the air by bombards thrust into its belly, while the Buzzacarini dragged from their store-room an Imperial banner hidden for a hundred years. As its mouldering folds first flapped in the unwonted wind, the Captain alighted at his palace, where he found board and lodging to befit a king.

A king in truth Trissino was. For fear of offence none dared to ask for his commission. From the furthest corners of the Friuli came great noblemen to crave Imperial confirmation of their fiefs, or soldiers to beg the command of imaginary squadrons. Trissino himself would laugh with Da Porto at the eagerness with which all who had any job to perpetrate, would turn to him, as though he was the Emperor in person. The Venetian troops were ordered off the territory of the Magnificent [Paduan Republic. Paduan nobles were commissioned to replace Venetians in the fortresses and dependent townships. All the irksome duties upon comestibles were abolished, and never was living so cheap in Padua; wine there was in such plenty that it cost nothing; a halfpenny would buy seven eggs or a pound of meat. The order was issued that every one, under a penalty of fifty ducats, should sweep the front of his own house; and every one obediently swept. But after all the main function was to command the troops, and of troops there were none. Trissino, imitating the methods of Alviano, attempted to enrol militia. He ordered all the peasants of the territory between eighteen and forty-five years of age to muster in Padua for drill. Some

five hundred obeyed the summons, and on the summer days Trissino could be seen in the piazza eating cherries while he drilled his troops. He undoubtedly dressed his part. A dandy by nature, he could now satisfy his vanity at his country's expense. Very effective he looked in his white velvet tunic frogged with gold, his little gold cap stuck on one ear, his beard worn in the German fashion, and always a bunch of flowers. When he was tired of drill he dismissed his peasant soldiers, each with a coin to buy their lunch; for dinner he told them they should have half a ducat or more, and yet they grumbled. Peasants are rarely content when overfed and overpaid.

Meanwhile outside Padua matters went none too well. Trissino had no administrative genius. The roads were at the mercy of disbanded soldiers and loyal peasants; the Paduan merchants could not travel. Bassano, indeed, and Asolo tendered their submission. Treviso, the third great city, which should complete the conquests promised by Trissino, sent a deputation to offer him the keys. But he was too timid or too slow; he feared the Venetian forces encamped at Mestre, and his delay gave time to the popular party to memorialise its Venetian masters. When Trissino's trumpeter arrived he was well-nigh killed. A popular tumult, headed by a furrier, over-awed the gentry. The Venetians took heart and threw in troops; the suspected nobles were carried off to Venice. Nor was this the only check. Another luckless trumpeter was sent to summon Cividale; but out came Paolo Contarini, the proveditor, and one hundred Stradiot horse, and gave the trumpeter such a fright that never would he go near the town again.

In decrying the Italian soldiery of this age modern writers too blindly

follow Machiavelli, whose purpose it was not to write history, but to prove theories. For him every hired captain was a coward, a sluggard, and a traitor. Yet many soldiers of fortune and men of birth, from all parts of Italy, stood firm by Venice in her darkest hour, re-organising her beaten and disordered troops, until they once more met the barbarians on no unequal terms. Such officers were Mariano dei Conti from the Roman Campagna, and Count Pietro Martinengo of the richest house in Brescia, courteous gentlemen and well-knit athletes. These two, indeed, fell in the first battle near the Adda, side by side, for they had sworn to stand together though their men had fled. But Lattanzio of Bergamo and Zitolo of Perugia fell one after the other at their guns when the Venetians, after the tide had turned, strove to hurl the Franco-Spanish-German forces from Verona. Dionisio da Naldo throughout the war kept training the fine infantry which took their name from his little Romagnol village of Brisighella. From Tuscan Prato came the Knight of Saint John, Fra Leonardo, who from hatred to the French offered his services to Venice in any capacity which she might choose. He was no hireling, for he gave his whole fortune, five thousand ducats, to the Republic that she might use it in her need. He too fell late in the war at the head of his light horse, and the French grieved because they had not taken him alive to murder him. Another Tuscan was the one-eyed Baldassare Scipione of Siena, who fought through the war from end to end, from the western frontier of the Adda to the easternmost corner of Friuli; who was taken fighting at the Adda, and again at the terrible storm of Brescia; and who performed the last exploit of the war by saving from the scoundrelly Swiss allies the artillery which they

had sought to steal. Baldassare was the fastidious Da Porto's ideal of a soldier, a fierce but scientific fighter, combining a high character with literary culture. The one chivalrous champion of Cæsar Borgia, he had posted in all the chief squares of Europe a challenge to any Spaniard who should deny that their Catholic Majesties had not disgraced their honour and their crown by their treachery towards his fallen chief.

Upon one of these men of ancient virtue, one otherwise unknown to fame, the clever adventurer Trissino chanced to stumble. He sent a herald to the Venetian camp to order Bernardino Fortebraccio, the leader of a thousand horse, to come and tender his submission to the Emperor, otherwise he would confiscate his patrimony at Lonigo, and arrest his wife and children who were at Padua. The old soldier's reply is an answer not only to Trissino but to the Florentine slanderer of Italian soldiery: "I have no wish to desert my duty to the Signory. For sixty years past I have been her servant and have eaten her bread, and if I had a hundred sons I would give them all for her, and would take no heed." When, too, Trissino sent a governor with a hundred foot to the walled township of Mirano, Alvise Dardani held the fort with a handful of peasants from the neighbouring villages and the official slunk back to Padua.

In winning Padua Trissino virtually lost Vicenza. This was natural, for in Italy municipal patriotism was so strong that every city hated its nearest neighbour. The Committee of Government could keep no order. As soon as the Imperial eagles were hoisted, exiled malefactors flocked into the town and lorded it over the citizens. They set fire to the palace and the town-hall, and burned the books wherein the sentences against

criminals were registered. The new government of Padua was protectionist and forbade the people of Vicenza to sell their produce in the Paduan market. This infuriated the lower classes, already devoted to Saint Mark. When a Venetian trumpeter under safe conduct rode up to the walls, the men of the suburb of San Piero with cries of *Marco, Marco!* escorted him to the public square, thinking that he had come to take the lordship of their town for Venice. Each country makes its little revolutions differently. Englishmen rechristen their Local Board; Frenchmen change the terminology of their streets; Italians would throw something, or somebody, into a river or on the pavement. Thus when Charles the Eighth had entered Pisa, the people threw the Florentine lion from the bridge into the Arno; and when a few years later the Emperor appeared, they served the statue of the French King as they had served the lion. So too at Vicenza the mob threw the gilded eagle from his column, and finding in the cathedral some banners of the late Bishop with the emblem of Saint Mark, they hoisted them in the eagle's place. The upper classes barricaded themselves in their houses, but the people sacked the Captain's palace which was sumptuously draped to greet the arrival of the Imperial Commissioner. Even Trissino had now lost his spell. He wrote to the Commune demanding suitable apartments and sufficient funds for the entertainment of himself and his court. He was answered that the city could not undertake the burden; and when he appealed to the Benedictine monks he received a similar refusal. Nevertheless he came by torchlight with fifes and drums and a company of Germans; he wore a wreath of ivy, and his little cap set jauntily on one ear covered but the



one half of his head and seemed like to fall. His sojourn was for one night only, for he was forced to lodge at his own house and at his own expense. This visit made matters worse, for he persuaded four hundred Vicentine soldiers to follow him to Padua, and on their arrival they found the gates shut in their faces. Paduans were too proud to be dependent on Vicentines. In return the soldiers ravaged the surrounding fields, and two were caught and hanged at eventide with their faces veiled. Such lynch-law did not improve the feeling between the neighbour towns.

The Venetians naturally tried to bribe Trissino. Andrea Gritti promised that, if he would restore Padua, a complete amnesty should be granted and Vicenza allowed to choose her own master; Trissino should be first Baron of Saint Mark; he should receive a grant of a fine palace in Venice and £50 a month for the expenses of his table. In addition to this were offered to him the two strong towns of Cittadella and Castelfranco, which face each other, the one with its circle, the other with its square of walls and towers. Of these Trissino should be Count with free sovereignty, while a hundred cuirassiers, two hundred light-horse, and five hundred foot were placed under his command. Trissino was an adventurer, but not a common blackguard. He played the grand game, and refused the bribe. His mother city of Vicenza, he replied, would receive the widest privileges from the Emperor; for himself he looked for nothing. The Republic did not despair of at least conciliating their influential foe. Many Venetian nobles had for some time past withdrawn their capital from trade and invested it in real estate upon the mainland. They had thought that in abandoning their sovereignty they would still retain

their private property; but they found themselves mistaken. Trissino scheduled their estates, and it was reported that half would be applied to the benefit of the Paduan municipal pawnbroking office, and the other moiety to the advantage of the town. Meanwhile the crops were ripe, and their proprietors were chafing to gather them. The Venetians strove to induce Trissino to respect the rights of private property. Hearing that he had sent to Mestre to buy a race-horse, the Government presented one, a strange gift from the city of canals. More than this, the Secretary who conducted negotiations was empowered to offer £1,000. It is not known that Trissino took the bribe; but he courteously allowed the Venetian gentry to harvest their crops for the current year.

Encouraged by this concession, the Republic sent Francesco Cappello to renew its former offers. Trissino cherished a warm regard for the old man who, when ambassador in Germany, had befriended him in exile; and he had excepted his property from the schedule of confiscation. Cappello, under pretext of an embassy to the Emperor, took his chaplain, his secretary, and his barber, and made Padua the first stage of his fictitious journey. For further security he disguised himself in a Hungarian dress. But as he entered the gate, some soldiers who had served under him at Trieste recognised the magnificent old man, and reverently saluted him. A little further a woman, looking him hard in the face, cried, "Hurrah for Saint Mark!" A secret interview with Trissino was contrived, but the Paduan nobles, very jealous of these negotiations, got wind of Cappello's presence. Trissino, moreover, was no longer the sole master, for on the same evening as his friend three Imperial Commis-

sioners arrived at Padua. Cappello slipped safely down the Brenta as far as Strà, but here he was arrested by fifty horsemen. It nearly went hard with the old diplomatist. In spite of his commission to the Emperor, in spite of his indignant protests on the violation of the law of nations, the provisional Government of sixteen members debated a motion for his immediate execution. The turn of a single vote would have cost his life.

The great coalition against Venice was now showing signs of loosening. The King of France retired from the Mincio to make his triumphal entry into Milan. Ferdinand of Aragon and the Pope had taken, almost without resistance, all that they desired. The Emperor was timidly clinging to the southern fringes of the Alps, concentrating his forces at Bassano and the neighbouring walled townlets; his unpaid troops were demoralised by plunder. The Venetians plucked up courage; the nobles had now realised that in abandoning the territory of their State, they were losing their means of livelihood. In the Senate it was debated whether the Levant or Italy, the sea or land, offered the fairest field for Venetian enterprise; the issue was a resolution carried by one vote only, to retake Padua. The town was weakly held. Trissino and the Imperial officials had but some three hundred Germans, a few Italian lances, and the volunteer companies of Paduan nobles; the populace was eager to welcome Venetian rule. Padua was so near Venice that the fortifications had been allowed to crumble, and Trissino, bent on remitting instead of raising taxes, had never looked to their repair.

On the night of July 16th all Venice was astir. Andrea Gritti, the soul of the enterprise, had marched the regulars up to the eastern gate of

Padua. Every available boat from every township on the lagoons, from Murano and Malamocco, from Torcello to distant Chioggia, had been ordered to the channels of the Brenta. Thither passed the crews and the workmen from the Arsenal; the nobles came in their barges, the citizens in their gondolas and pinnaces. Some twenty thousand men in a flotilla of four thousand boats were gathered on the Brenta. From the villages on the banks poured forth the peasants, full of fight against the plundering Germans and the Paduan rebels. Yet with all this stir the secret was strangely kept, and on that July night all Padua was sleeping. At dawn of day on the 17th, the anniversary of the day on which a little more than a century ago Padua had first fallen, three waggons with loads of wheat summoned the guard to open the Codalunga gate, where now there stands the monument of the Venetian victory. The last waggoner stopped upon the bridge, and then the Venetian horsemen dashed in from their ambush and held the gate. The Greek light horse, the Uhlans of their day, galloped forward to explore the streets; the gentry were in their beds, the people made common cause with the invaders, and the main Venetian force pushed its way into the town. Trissino was the first to mount, but he and his two hundred followers were thrust back to the market-place. They barricaded themselves in the Captain's palace; but the doors were dashed in, the lion banner once more floated from the balcony, while the great bell clanged out the Venetian triumph. Trissino, however, was not yet caught. From the palace he broke through the wall into the stronger castle; and here he and his comrades were safe for at least a night.

Meanwhile through the gates and over the walls of Padua poured sol-

diers, villagers, and farmers, pillaging the houses of the nobles and the Jewish money-changers. Then towards midday arrived the great flotilla, detained for some hours by fifty brave Germans who had defended the half-way fort of Strà. Nobles, fishermen, and boatmen joined indiscriminately in pillage; in vain Gritti risked his life, rushing among the plunderers sword in hand, until at nightfall he got the mastery, and hanged the plunderers forthwith. Next morning the Venetian mortars were dragged to the piazza and opened fire upon the castle. Seven shots sufficed to effect a breach. Then Trissino called for a parley at the postern. He bargained for his own life and that of the Imperial treasurer, surrendering his other comrades at discretion. He took the gold chain from his neck and gave it to a Venetian officer; but Gritti, always the most generous of victors, returned it, saying, "You shall wear this with honour." Yet Trissino did not escape from Padua without humiliation. As he passed through the streets to the river-gate, a poor old woman struck him with all her might and cursed him like a Fury. All Venice was waiting to see the captives come; but their arrival was purposely delayed till night, and only the nobles were abroad when they were landed in front of the Doge's palace. Lorenzo Loredano to the other prisoners gave a courteous greeting; but to Trissino he vouchsafed no word, although the adventurer was still finely dressed with his golden cap, his massive chain, and his white velvet tunic frogged with gold.

The prisoners, ten in all, Germans and Italians, were kindly used. The Ten examined Trissino, and finding him suffering from a wound, gave him a better prison. Maximilian did not forget his brother sportsman. Per-

sonally, and through Prince Henry of Brunswick, he complained of the treatment of the captives, and threatened reprisals. The Doge replied that the Emperor was misinformed, that the prisoners, including Trissino, were kindly treated and were only prevented from escaping. Towards the close of the year Trissino and others were taken from the prison and lodged in the Captain's house, where they could freely hold intercourse with their fellows. In February, 1510, the four chief Germans abused their privilege, and while the guards were guzzling, broke through a walled-up doorway and escaped. Trissino paid the penalty, for he was led back to the strong prison, and here just one year later he died of a broken heart.

Thus ended a remarkable adventurer, with his high ambitions, his winning manners, his love for velvet and gold braid and flowers. He had played for a high stake; that he lost was not all a fault of his. Without a ducat or a trooper he had kept his word, and won for the Emperor a priceless territory. Had Maximilian followed his friend in the field as keenly as he followed him in the chase, the quarry might never have been let slip. Yet Maximilian was a man of sentiment and was not forgetful. When in the half light of a wet November morning the lion of Saint Mark sprang upon Vicenza, the house of Trissino fled from its claws, and for love of its scapegrace member found shelter with the Emperor. And when after seven years of fight the war grew weary, Gian Giorgio Trissino was chosen to negotiate the peace; for Maximilian was known to cherish the name of his agile comrade in the breezy Tyrol mountains, who in his cause had pined to death behind the prison bars above the sluggish waters of the canal.

## THE POOR SCHOLAR.

FEW subjects in the social history of England are more curious and interesting than the silent revolution which, in the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, transformed into institutions for the education of the rich the Universities whose colleges had been, with the rarest exceptions, founded expressly for the benefit of the poor. For the latter fact is beyond the range of controversy. At Merton, for example, the model for all subsequent foundations, poverty was under the founder's regulations an absolute necessity for admission. The founder of Corpus Christi, Oxford, prescribed that there should be in his college no more than four, or at most six, sons of lawyers or nobles, the only two rich classes which in the early part of the sixteenth century would be likely to seek a University education, and those only upon condition of strict compliance with college discipline. At Exeter again the twelve fellowships which Bishop Stapledon established were, in the words of the college historian, distinctly given for the children of the poor. The transformation was of course an affair of time. At the outset of the sixteenth century we find the poor scholar still in the ascendant; and even as late as 1616 there were in Oxford no less than four or five hundred students who could be described as poor. But slowly the influence of the growing wealth of the country, commercial and agrarian, the increase in the number of families of position which resulted from the distribution of the monastery lands, began to break through not only the

statutes and regulations of the founders, but their manifest intentions. Slowly a new class, which came to be called in time the gentlemen-commoners, began to press the poor student to the wall. They profited by the rooms which had been built for him and the kitchens which had been endowed to save his pocket; they so far succeeded in ousting him from the colleges, that Laud was compelled to make some academical provision for those who, like the unattached students of our own day, found themselves for one reason or another debarred from admission to a college. By the close of the seventeenth century the new class of richer students had succeeded in imparting to the University, as a whole, the character of idleness and extravagance which, aided by the dread of innovation to be found nowhere in such perfection as in an Oxford common-room, has in some measure managed to survive the most determined attacks of the spirit of reform.

In the more prominent of the two figures there is little to interest us. The gentleman-commoner in his habits and tastes, his hunting and horseracing, his cock-fighting and coursing, his attendances upon the popular toasts, his display in the High Street or Merton Walks of the latest fashion in perukes or buckles, differed but little from his counterpart in the modern University. But the poor student of the seventeenth century, were he scholar, servitor, battelar, or commoner, is interesting to us not only as a member of a class which, as a class, is for practical purposes a

thing of the past, but as the last remnant of the University of the Middle Ages, the University where the poor were the rule and not the exception. Never in all its history had Oxford sunk to such a low level of intellectual and moral stagnation as in the forty years which succeeded the Restoration. The University as a whole, as well as the individual colleges, had no doubt suffered severely from the Civil War. Their plate had gone into the melting-pot to pay the royal troops, their credit had been deeply engaged for the same purpose: their estates had suffered from the depredations of one side or the other; and it was not only during the war that they had been saddled with the entertainment of a protracted succession of expensive guests. The numbers of the University stood in dismal contrast to what they had been during the earlier part of the century, when quite as many undergraduates were in residence as to-day, and the four principal colleges could each show an average of close upon two hundred and fifty students. The two successive purgations of the University, first by the Parliamentary Visitation, and secondly under the provisions of the Act of Uniformity, had resulted in the banishment of a large number of the abler and more independent spirits; and the loss of some, scholars such as Conant, for example, was irreparable. Their places were taken by men whose character and attainments in many cases would in our own time be an absolute bar to the humblest college preferment. A Rector of Exeter who was constantly too drunk to walk alone to his lodgings, a Warden of Merton whose morals were at least doubtful and whose greed drove the college to desperation, a President of Corpus who regarded the foundation as a convenient means of providing for

a perennial supply of great-nephews, would have found their counterparts in at least the bulk of the colleges. Public lecturers who never lectured, Fellows whose evil life was open and notorious, Doctors who sat tipping with their own servants, gentlemen-commoners who never attended a lecture or turned the pages of a book, were figures too ordinary to excite more than the passing notice of the satirist. The whole standard of University life and morals seemed to have taken a sudden plunge downhill.

Such was the society and such the surroundings in which in the latter half of the seventeenth century there was still to be found the poor scholar. In many respects circumstances were in his favour, at any rate more so than at the present day. The comparatively small number of rich men at the University rendered it far easier for a student whose purse was light to obtain admission to a college: a large proportion of the scholarships and emoluments were filled up by the old-fashioned method of nomination, or by an examination little more than nominal; and it was seldom difficult for a man of any influence to obtain for a promising lad who had been brought under his notice, a footing of one kind or another in the University. Even if no scholarship were available, the student might still find an extremely cheap byway to his degree in the duties of servitor or bible-clerk, functions which now are discharged by the scout or the under-porter. And once the footing in the University gained, the rest was simple, far simpler than it is to-day. Fellowships were not only proportionately far more numerous than at the present time, when in the average college perhaps one may fall vacant in two years and is competed for by practically the whole University, but far easier of attainment, as to a large proportion

of the undergraduates of the seventeenth century their small value (some £20 or £30) and the implied necessity of holy orders, offered no attractions. There were, moreover, even in the latter part of the seventeenth century, a variety of advantages to the poor student which to us are entirely unknown. The single room in which he slept and worked was almost invariably shared by a Fellow or senior undergraduate. The two meals which were all he was supposed to need, early dinner at eleven o'clock and supper at six, were both simple and cheap; if he required more, a pennyworth of toast and ale could be procured at the buttery-hatch. Still more in his favour was the deep line drawn by social prejudices, by habits and tastes and by means, between himself and the gentleman-commoner. From the Smarts and Bloods for whom the University was no more than an agreeable method of spending two or three years, and who as a rule seem to have passed their time without the slightest semblance of study, the poor student could have had little to learn; and it was perhaps well for him that any attempt on his part at acquaintance would have been scouted as an impertinence. As it was, he found himself a member of a class that was a society in itself and all the members of which were as poor as he was. The chances were that, whether scholar, servitor, or commoner, he entered the college at a considerably earlier age than is customary to-day, and was subject to a discipline and supervision which was practically that of a modern public school. His movements were far more strictly regulated than those of the modern undergraduate: his tutor kept, or was supposed to keep, his pocket-money, supervised the amusements he indulged in and the company he kept; and breaches of discipline were punished

by imposition and the birch. Everything of his surroundings and life, the dinners he ate, the clothes he wore, the fees he paid, his furniture, his recreations, were on a simpler, perhaps on a rougher scale than would be possible to-day. In his keeping-room, for example, it may be doubted whether there was much beyond a table, a chair or two, a shelf for his books, a very few needful utensils, and the beds of his room-mate and himself, one of which was in the daytime, to save space, pushed beneath the other. He and the other members of the society dined and supped together in hall, doing their best to keep up the old custom of conversing in Latin. His pleasures were as simple and inexpensive as his other surroundings. A game of bowls upon the college-green, a main of quoits at a country inn, the shows of the annual fairs, an evening's gossip in the coffee-house, or the stolen joys of the tavern, were the amusements of the poorer scholar. Rough as the life may have been, it had its strong points as a training for the lad of narrow means.

Of the teaching and examinations perhaps the less said the better. The college tutor had scarcely come to be responsible for his pupil's teaching; for that there were professors and public lecturers, who lectured, or more usually failed to lecture, as the case might be. Tutors too are no more than human, and it is not surprising if the critical detected in them a decided inclination to devote their attention to the gentleman-commoner in preference to the poor scholar, who in the main had to rely upon himself, and what he could pick up at lectures or from the exercises in the college hall. Fortunately the ordeal which he had to pass through was no very serious one. The first of his two examinations consisted only in the public repetition of certain well-worn logical dialogues, so trite



and stale indeed, that they were usually known by heart. The second essential was a certificate of attendance in succession at the public lectures in grammar, rhetoric, logic, moral philosophy, and geometry; or in lieu of the certificate he "supplicated a dispensation" for the attendance, as the undergraduate does to-day. The actual examination for the degree, if we are to believe even a proportion of the pungent criticisms of *Terræ Filius*, ran upon such hackneyed lines, that the candidates had both questions and answers at their fingers' ends before they entered the room. A shrewd fellow who could find five shillings for the proctor's man, would have no difficulty in appointing one of his own friends examiner; and the same authority avers that it was common enough for examiner and candidate to spend the night previous to the examination in a drinking-bout at the latter's expense. The last step was the determination, a public disputation not less farcical in its character than the first examination; and then the undergraduate was a full-fledged Bachelor of Arts.

A fortunate accident, the discovery of an undergraduate's account-book for the years 1682—1688,<sup>1</sup> enables us to trace in comparatively minute detail the expenses and in some measure the life of an Oxford student of no great means at the close of the seventeenth century. The undergraduate in question, one James Wilding, seems to have been a servitor of Saint Mary's Hall, and afterwards became a member of Merton College. The total cost of his degree, or rather his total expenses up to the end of the term in which he took his degree, were something less than £57, a sum which

might represent in modern values about three times as much. But even such an expenditure was large compared with such cases as that of Whitfield, whose popularity as a servitor, gained by his previous experience as a tapster, enabled him to take his degree in 1735 at a cost to his friends of less than £24; and Bishop Wordsworth has recorded instances where the entire outlay was even less than that. Board and lodging, as we have said, were extremely cheap. Though James Wilding seems to have lived in Oxford the whole year round, his total expenses for chamber-rent and food were no more than £10 for nearly five years. His terminal payments were on a similarly modest scale. Ten shillings a term was his tutor's fee; half-a-crown to the barber, four or five shillings to his bedmaker and laundress, an occasional largess of sixpence to the buttery-boy and the cook, seem to have included all of what we may term his fixed charges. His matriculation cost him seven and sixpence, his entrance at Merton, when he migrated to that college, five shillings, and the fees upon taking his degree something over £3.

More interesting perhaps are the varied lights which the accounts throw upon the surroundings of such a student. The furniture and utensils he bought in his first term consisted of a candle-stick and lantern, an inkhorn, a lead pen, a trunk and a glass; and the cost of the whole was five shillings and tenpence. In his third term there are signs of growing luxury, curtain-rods and hooks, to say nothing of a bed-mat. At other points in the four years we find mentioned the purchase or sale of tongs and bellows, a couple of chairs and a bedstead, and it may be doubted whether there was much more in his room, as the total value

<sup>1</sup> These accounts have been printed by the Oxford Historical Society, in Vol. V. of their publications.

of its furniture is set down at fifteen shillings.

In his wardrobe our student was certainly of a thrifty turn. He was constantly having his clothes turned, mended, and cleaned; and one must suppose that it was clothes, or at all events cloth from his home, that are the cause of some of the many payments to the carrier; for a new suit never appears in the accounts, though sometimes we have an entry of the cost of making one. But gowns were an expensive item. They needed not only frequent mending, but twice in five years our undergraduate buys new ones, a taste scarcely comprehensible to the modern Oxonian; and a new gown, costing as it did a guinea or so, was a serious matter. Once in a way Wilding buys a pair of gloves; more frequently he has his stockings coloured; towards the end of his time he indulges in a pair of silver buttons; and his improved position at Merton, it seems, leads him into the extravagance of a wig and a red fur cap. In books he was more luxurious, and his library of close on a hundred volumes, mostly classics and theology, must have been an exceptionally large one for an undergraduate. But even the most studious of poor scholars cannot always be at his books, and it is plain that James Wilding, like some of his successors, found time for a good deal which would probably have caused some searchings of heart in the Shropshire vicarage from which he had come. We need not be too hard upon him for the "fresh fees and drink" to the amount of eleven and sixpence, which signalled his matriculation, or the treatings of "opponents" demanded by custom after his examination in the schools, for custom is not to be lightly set aside in Oxford. But wine, ale, cider, and similar entries appear in the accounts more

frequently and in larger items than, one suspects, the undergraduate's reverend father would have approved. An excursion to Abingdon, with its accompaniments of strawberries and cream, was all very well; and so might be journeys to London, Cambridge, and Worcester. But here and there one regrets to find memoranda relating to the pleasures of the chase, or "lost at cards"; while the attainment of our undergraduate's degree, like the attainment of degrees in later ages, was celebrated by certain proceedings at a tavern whose cost indicates that they were of a protracted and convivial character. Sometimes Wilding allows himself such little surplus luxuries as herrings, coffee, sugar, a lobster at twopence, or a couple of rabbits. We catch a glimpse too, of the homely doctoring of the period, the purges, ointments, and blood-letting. We see our friend among the shows, paying twopence for seeing the rhinoceros, or for a view of a Turk; while an outlay of a shilling for a mountebank's packet seems to indicate that in the seventeenth, as two centuries later, there were limits to the shrewdness of the undergraduate.

In some respects no doubt we have improved upon all this. Examinations are no longer the pure farce they were in the seventeenth century; we have abolished the gentleman-commoner and induced lecturers to lecture and tutors to teach. But after all our exertions we have not yet succeeded in making the University as easy of access to the poor man as it was two hundred years ago. Even if he had to run to the tavern for the beer when the buttery was closed, to wait at table and black the shoes, it was better to be at the University even at that price than not to be there at all.

## SOME THOUGHTS ON RACINE.

THE few surviving champions of the French classical school have suffered so much at the hands of the critics, that one may be excused for approaching Racine with misgiving. Are the great exemplars of this school to be swept away for ever, and is romanticism the last word of the artistic mind? It is in any case certain that Racine is no longer the idol of educated Frenchmen, as he was a century ago. The idols of the theatre, like those of the market-place, are not always secured against rough handling; but were it otherwise, the stage, like all man's work, must suffer change and old forms give place to new. In the eighteenth century Racine was to France more than Shakespeare was to England; in the meantime the fame of the Englishman has grown, and is still growing, while the Frenchman's fame has suffered eclipse, and is not likely to recover its splendour. But there is still in this chief of the French classical school vitality enough to make him profoundly interesting; and if his dramatic method were as dead as that of his Greek prototype, Euripides, he would still be interesting as the embodiment of a once great and powerful tradition.

Englishmen have often reproached Voltaire for his depreciation of Shakespeare; but have they on the whole been happier in their judgments on Racine? When a French company is acting one of Racine's plays in London, the work of the dramatic critics is more than ever diverting; a remnant of wise critics indeed there always is, but what a remnant is

needed to rescue so large a flock! We have seen PHÈDRE, one of the noblest tragedies ever written, laughed away as dreary and monotonous; it has often been described as "periwigged Hellenism," a phrase to be used again and again, and passed on from one critic to another with the belief that all Racine is distilled into it. We will not stop here; let us go higher, for greater men show them the way. Something which Hazlitt wrote will serve us; with all his acuteness and sensibility, Hazlitt had his full share of British exclusiveness, and in this matter he may be said to find expression for the prejudices of his race. "The French," he says, "object to Shakespeare for his breach of the Unities, and hold up Racine as a model of classical propriety, who makes a Greek hero address a Grecian heroine as Madame. Yet this is not barbarous—Why? Because it is French, and because nothing that is French can be barbarous in the eyes of this frivolous and pedantic nation, who would prefer a peruke of the age of Louis the Fourteenth to a simple Greek head-dress." Again he tells us that Racine gives us "the commonplaces of the human heart better than any one, but nothing or very little more." This was written at a time when Racine held a greater place in the minds of his countrymen than he holds to-day; let us compare with it the words of a French contemporary of Hazlitt, also a gloomy spirit, but a man of equal intellectual gifts and of far wider attainments. Lamennais says: "Racine is the Raphael of the drama. Expression

and design, brilliance and sobriety of colour, we find in him all the distinctive qualities of this great master, in whom the antique feeling for beauty was combined with the Christian genius." This seems to re-echo the admiration of the old school, of such men, for instance, as Voltaire, who says of Racine's *IPHIGÉNIE*: "Oh, very tragedy! beauty of every age and of every race! Woe to the barbarians who do not feel in their souls this wonderful merit!"

To English ears such praise sounds, to say the least, a little out of measure; but it is well to realise at the outset that Voltaire here speaks the best mind of France; and in the last resort, as a fine critic has said, every nation must be held to be the fittest judge of its own literature. Great writers are not concerned merely with literary form, but are embodiments also of the national genius, a thing so infinitely complex that it is rarely understood even by mature men until they are past forty, if indeed it is ever understood at all by those who are trained outside its circle. Then too, we may ask, has any man ever mastered two languages? In the fullest sense we do not know a language until we can by ear distinguish in it the nicest shades of rhythmical effect; has any one ever done so with two languages? This alone would make every highly civilised nation the only competent judge of its own literature. Certainly with so peculiarly national an art as Racine's, we must waive any academical conception of a cosmopolitan literature. But the art of Sophocles was quite as national as Racine's; is not all art national or parochial? Of all modern classics *DON QUIXOTE* is most universal in its appeal; but its full charm is reserved for the Spaniard.

Racine was one of the glories of the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and

in many ways embodied its sentiment; its heroic sentiment, a Frenchman of the old school would have said. He was born on the 21st of December, 1639, at the little town of La Ferté-Milon, in Aisne, where his father, who gave to the boy his own name of Jean, was collector of the salt-tax. His mother (whose maiden name was Jeanne Sconin) gave birth about a year later to a second child, a daughter, Marie, and died a few days afterwards. Widowers may pine, but not for ever, and within a couple of years the father married again; but his own death followed quickly, and little Jean was an orphan before he had completed his fourth year. The father left no provision for the two children, who were taken in charge by the grandparents, Jean going to the father's side, and Marie to the mother's. Jean was treated with great kindness by his grandmother, and had probably a happier childhood than he would have known at home with his stepmother, if his father had lived. His first schooling was at the College of Beauvais, from about 1651 to 1655, after which he went to one of the famous schools of Port Royal, where he remained until 1658. Jean was an apt pupil, and appears to have shown at an early age a great love of ancient literature, especially the Greek, which he cultivated sedulously all his days. Few anecdotes of his youth are worth repeating; the only one that remains in the memory is that of his master Lancelot finding him reading a Greek book, which had for its theme not theology but earthly love. The master was scandalised, and burned the book; Racine procured a second copy, which also went into the fire; still unyielding, the boy obtained a third copy, which he read, and afterwards presented to the master; this too, he said, might be burned, for he knew it by heart.

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The masters at Port Royal were perhaps easily scandalised, but they were humane and long-suffering; if Racine had been under Busby the story would not have been so smooth.

After Port Royal he was about a year at the College of Harcourt, where the study of logic and philosophy could not kill his love of the Muses. Then for about four years he made experiments, as young men do, in the choice of a career. During nearly half this period he was with a relative of his mother's, who held a respectable if not a profitable position in the Church. It was certainly the wish of this ecclesiastic that Racine should take orders; but the young man wisely refrained from taking his uncle's advice; with all his gifts and accomplishments, Racine had not in him the making of a good priest. It was not quite in vain that he had done something with the view of entering the Church, though in fact he had not gone beyond the vestibule. He secured a benefice, and perhaps for a time he wore the ecclesiastical costume; but this has been generally denied. Voltaire, who knew Louis, Racine's son, and who therefore may be supposed to speak with some authority, says: "He wore the ecclesiastical costume when he wrote *THÉAGÈNE*, which he offered to Molière, also when he wrote *LA THÉBAÏDE*, the subject of which Molière suggested to him. In the royal license to publish *ANDROMAQUE*, he is styled Prior of Épinay." A question of this kind is not in itself important, but it shows how uncertain is the biographer's ground. Racine was back in Paris in 1663, and success now came quickly. He had before this written a play, or plays, of which we know nothing, and several poems. It is not singular that he had remained unknown, for in that age the literary man's chances

were few; the patronage of the king or his minister was worth more to the author than the good opinion of the publishers. It was not, however, through the publishers but through the players that he at length became famous. He had indeed already attracted the royal notice, but this was less than fame; an ode which he wrote on the marriage of the King secured him a present of a hundred louis, altogether a suitable beginning, since the King and the poet had so much in common. But for the time it ended here; a great king does not allow himself to be taken by storm. Again in 1664 he wrote a royal ode, inspired this time by the recovery of Louis from the most unkingly malady of the measles; and the result of this second compliment was a pension. In the same year his tragedy *LA THÉBAÏDE* was performed by Molière's company, and as Racine was not yet twenty-five, he cannot be said to have waited long for fame. Then for thirteen years he continued to write for the stage with varying fortune. All the plays of what we may call his secular period were composed between 1663 and 1677, in which latter year he was thirty-eight.

His life during this period is almost entirely in his plays. It is only necessary to add that he was the lover of two charming actresses, and that he figured in more than one literary quarrel, which did much to embitter his mind and to sully his reputation. He quarrelled with Port Royal; one of his old masters, Nicole, had published a tract against the stage, in which he described playwrights as "wholesale poisoners." Racine may have been mistaken in thinking the attack directed against himself, but in any case he had a right to resent it. He replied, with much abuse of Port Royal and its

teachers, to whom he owed so much. Is such ingratitude altogether beyond forgiveness? It is certainly true that gratitude exists chiefly in dictionaries and in the imagination of young poets; but even in the noblest minds it will hardly stand a shock like this.

Racine has also been charged with ingratitude towards Molière by withdrawing a play from his company; but the evidence is so slender that we may justly refuse to deal with the question at all. The last public quarrel in which he was concerned is one in which our sympathies must go entirely with him. An aristocratic clique in Paris, headed by a duchess, made a dead set against Racine, and determined to set up as a rival some forgotten writer, one of the mediocrities of the hour. Their purpose was to be accomplished during the first performances of *PHÈDRE*; for six nights the theatre was to be empty, while all the Parisian world of taste was to be at the rival house. Money was spent lavishly, and the plot in part succeeded. Yet Racine, if he had been so minded, might have outlived it in a few months; but he was not made of the true fighting material, and gave up the game altogether. It was not in all ways a pleasant game, even when success was unmistakable. The lovers of fine literature are always few, and in Racine's day there was no strong public opinion to keep in order the great army of disappointed spirits. He now turned for consolation to religion, and had thoughts of retiring to the cloister; his confessor advised him to remain in the world and to marry. The counsel was good, for Racine had above everything the temperament of the artist, which loves the sunlight and the sensuous joys of life; in such a nature the stern discipline of the cloister is apt to produce an invincible depression

of mind. Racine wisely followed the advice of his confessor, and took to wife, about the middle of 1677, Catherine de Romanet, a good woman, of whom it is sufficient to record that she brought happiness to her husband and her children. Henceforth Racine eschewed literary ambition, though he never ceased to write; he even appears to have looked upon his early successes as subjects for repentance rather than for gratulation. In a religious atmosphere, not of exalted piety, but certainly of respectable devotion, he passed the remainder of his days. Between 1688 and 1691 he wrote two sacred plays, *ESTHER* and *ATHALIE*, the latter a sublime performance, and perhaps the greatest of all his works. The first was no doubt suggested to him by Madame de Maintenon; and both were written as works of piety. They were acted, however, only by school-girls, and were never brought on the public stage during the author's lifetime. Happy in his married life and fond of his children, in comfortable circumstances and at peace even with Port Royal, Racine ought to have been happy to the last. He had public duties which were not uncongenial: for about twenty years he was historiographer to the King, an office which he shared with his friend Boileau; and for a still longer period he was a member of the Academy. But his closing days were clouded. He had incurred the royal displeasure, or believed that he had done so, and the thought of this haunting the too sensitive man, destroyed his peace of mind. Under this cloud he died on the 21st of April, 1699, in his sixtieth year.

Racine has usually been called an unamiable man, but the reproach is not quite just. He was one of those men whose sensibility is a disease. It was a common fashion among our grand-



fathers, and perhaps not yet wholly extinct, to regard the artist as a being apart, subject to none of the unwritten laws that prevail in the world which calls itself respectable. The truth is that the life of the artist is calculated to engender an unwholesome susceptibility. All his days he is putting his heart and soul into his work, poetry, music, painting, whatever it may be; and in such an atmosphere only the greatest men can harmonise body with mind. Whether success comes to him early or late, he has literally to make a way for himself in a world where we all pay so heavily for experience. In the regular callings of life men are helped immensely by tradition and usage. But the true artist has none of this; his work is personal above all things, and he is the type of the self-reliant man. The man of action uses his fellows; indeed his chief work consists mainly in making them do theirs; but the work of the artist is individual and unique. Twenty men might have planned a particular campaign; only one man since time began could have written *MACBETH*.

And there were other things at that time to embitter the dramatic artist. There was above all the hostility of the Church. Racine had been trained by pious churchmen; he was all his days a sincere Christian, and in later life a devout one; to him this hostility must have been specially galling. In France the Church has always looked askance at the stage: even Christian burial was at one time refused to the poor player; and the enmity still lives on, though in recent times the teeth of the priest have been so closely filed down, that in his biting moods he has ceased to be terrible. One meets with it still in the most unlikely places; we noticed it lately, for example, in an attenuated form, in the Abbé Bautain's excellent treatise on Public Speaking. In the

time of Louis the Fourteenth the Church was an irreconcilable foe. The ecclesiastic regarded the calling of the player as unclean, and classed him with the leper and the outcast, or even perhaps a little lower. He may be said indeed to have looked with suspicion on every form of art. The origin of this feeling can be traced back almost to the beginning of Christianity. There is in the nature of things no reason why the greatest of Christian saints should not be also the greatest of artists; but that this is not so is shown alike by the history of theology and of æsthetics. In the Christian Church the first effect of the religious idea is to intensify the consciousness of sin, and to set the believer against all the delights of the senses that do not centre in devotion. It is an error to ascribe it to superstition or to loose thinking; nor is it a sufficient explanation to say that man is a limited creature and can do only one thing at a time. The truth is that the Greek ideal is not in practice compatible with the Christian ideal; Phidias and Paul will never be reconciled, and, since the world has need of both, it is best to admit it and accept them as they are.

Before considering Racine's subjects and method it will be well to give some attention to his versification, for that is a matter on which there exists among English-speaking people a great deal of misconception. In one of his critical papers Mr. Lowell has quoted an opinion of Dryden on this subject: "A French hendecasyllable verse [he is speaking of the Alexandrine] runs exactly like our ballad measure:

A cobbler there was and he lived in a stall."

This Mr. Lowell confirms by the following passage from Moore's *Diary*: "Attended watchfully to her recitative [Mlle. Duchesnois's], and find that,

in nine lines out of ten, 'A cobbler there was,' &c., is the tune of the 'French heroics.' The line here quoted in English is certainly a hendecasyllable, though Mr. Lowell is right in saying that the line in French which Dryden quotes is not so; it is an Alexandrine, or verse of twelve syllables.<sup>1</sup> Dryden and Moore were wise in settling by the ear this question as to the movement of French heroic verse, for its appeal is made above all things to the ear, not indirectly by means of the eye, but directly through the speaking voice. But while coming near the truth, they did not entirely escape error. The hendecasyllable is often found in old English poems, as in the following line from one of the Robin Hood Ballads:

As blithe as the linnet sings in the green wood.

Here is another instance of its use from a well-known Irish poem:

An emerald set in the ring of the sea.

Would any one trained in the traditions of the House of Molière say that these lines are in the measure of the Alexandrine? They are composed of three anapaests and an iambus; but the lines which struck Dryden as having the same movement are made up of four anapaests, as in Campbell's line:

Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!

The movement in Racine is not so often like this as Moore might lead us to believe; some lines may be called spondaic, but many are really iambic,

<sup>1</sup> French writers on prosody tell us that the Alexandrine has thirteen syllables when the verse is feminine. Each nation makes its own laws, even in prosody, but it is not the less a fact that the actual number of spoken syllables is the same for both masculine and feminine verses.

though of a rather uncertain kind. It must indeed be admitted that to English ears French heroic verse is generally monotonous, owing mainly to its inflexibility, its want of that liquid flow which only a movable cæsura can give. In this respect it is on a level with the verse of Pope and his school, who for the best part of a century determined the character of English poetry. Racine, however, has more grace, elevation and refinement than any English poet of this school; and his verse has greater variety, if tested by the speaking voice, the right test as we have seen in this case. For it is living speech addressed to the ear, and its rhythm is that of speech, not of high poetic feeling. The latter, in nearly all its moods, we get from Shakespeare, and with a freedom and music far beyond the power of Racine or any Frenchman. But here we are concerned not merely with the difference between two temperaments but with the genius of two languages, almost, one might say, of two civilisations.

It is a fact worth reflecting upon that in any country where men have ceased to speak in a hybrid poetical manner, and have learned the great art of prose, the number of persons born into the world with any sense of rhythm is infinitely small. In a poetical age like the Elizabethan the number no doubt was greater; but as soon as the social instincts have developed a clear, simple prose style, the sense of rhythm certainly decreases. Yet there is a rhythm of speech as satisfying in its own way as the rhythm of song. The Greeks in their best days had probably reduced it to a science, though as we do not know the actual basis of their system of accents, nor the exact musical value of each, we cannot profit by the discoveries of these unrivalled artists in speech. In music, by means of pitch-

fork and pendulum, a melody may be produced; but for the rhythm of poetry the first is useless, and the pendulum will not go far. Only the greatest delicacy of ear will avail there, and few gifts are rarer than this. Nor are the French, with all their talk about art, any better than ourselves in this regard. A Frenchman with a passionate love of the stage has usually to undergo a laborious training before he can read French verse even creditably; he learns the trick of it from those who have inherited the great traditions of the French stage. Our English actors really fare worse. The old musical style of reciting blank verse is to all appearance lost; each player has his own way, and seldom shows any feeling for rhythm or poetic beauty. To bring out the rhythm of verse, one of them has obligingly informed us, is to recite like a school-boy.

Macaulay's theory, that with the advance of civilisation poetry must inevitably decline is not quite true; he should have said that it changes its character, but this is because poetry has life for its subject matter. Art is an expression of something, and the greatest art has always given body and shape to the genius of a particular race at a certain point of its development; to this Shakespeare and Racine are not exceptions. Shakespeare was as highly civilised a man as Racine, but he did not belong to a race in whom the social instincts are so strong as in the French. It is the social genius which has given Attic prose to the world, and by the great examples of Athens and Paris we see how averse it is to high colour. Above all things it loves sobriety, and both in prose and verse demands simplicity and ease, grace and quickness of motion. Shakespeare finds expression for the brooding imagination of his race; and he takes the whole of life

for his province. Racine, on the other hand, has not universal sympathies; nor does nature with her beauties and her mysteries appeal to him. He is an aristocrat in literature; his appeal is made, not alike to palace, market-place, and hovel, but to the drawing-room, and to that alone. It is no doubt artificial, as all literary language must be; but it is artificial in a noble sense. The free life of man amid unconventional surroundings other literatures do in part give us, but not the classical literature of France. Here the tone is given by the drawing-room; nor need we regret it, for the drawing-room, or its equivalent, is as near as possible to the centre of civilisation.

It has often been said that the French classical drama owes its existence entirely to a misinterpretation of *THE POETICS* of Aristotle; but it is not always remembered that errors do not grow in an uncongenial soil. The theories of Aristotle on the one hand, and on the other the dramatic work of Seneca, had undoubtedly a great influence over Corneille and Racine; but the predisposition was in the French mind with its love of exact form. We speak of Racine as the head of this school, for Corneille, though he reaches at times a greater height, is not by temperament a classic; he was in his soul a romantic, and should have been born in a later day. But Racine is a classic through and through; not only does he work joyfully within the prescribed limits, but he seems born for this and for this alone. The theory which shaped the French classical drama has been found inadequate, and to-day no man whose opinion has a value in the world of letters, will uphold the two Unities of time and place; the other Unity, that of action, is of course for ever true. We do not think that Aristotle had been seriously misin-

terpreted; the real error was in attaching to his writings an importance which no words, written or spoken, can possess. The work of Aristotle is founded on an examination of literature actually in existence; his theories are the result of a close study of the great writers of Greece, not, as Frenchmen used to believe, an analysis of the artistic soul, and an enunciation of the laws which underlie all its creations. This belief in the authority of Aristotle was borrowed from the theologians, as was but natural, since the men of letters were educated by churchmen. The Latin Church has always stood for authority, perhaps a little too rigidly; the scholastic philosophers, who owed so much to Aristotle, had come to regard him as an absolute authority in the natural order, as Augustine was in the supernatural; the one gave laws in the domain of pure intellect, the other in that of divine truth.

But what after all were the Unities, and what actual support can be found for them in *THE POETICS*? The three Unities prescribed that a tragedy should be the evolution of an action, that it should occur within the limit of a single day or thereabouts, and that the place throughout should be the same. Aristotle insisted upon the first; "Tragedy," he maintains, "is the imitation of an action which is serious and complete, having a certain magnitude." This is beyond dispute. The unity of place was not derived at once from *THE POETICS*, but followed from the unity of time; moreover it was part of the Latin tradition. It was imposed by the conditions of dramatic representation in Greece, but there its narrowing effect was in part overcome by means of the chorus, which possessed considerable power over both time and place. As to the unity of time, we think the dramatists of the French classical school had

ground enough for believing that Aristotle does support it. Here is the passage: "It is the endeavour of tragedy as far as possible to confine its action to one revolution of the sun, or to exceed this but slightly; but the end of epic action is indefinite." If Aristotle had ended there, no doubt could exist as to his view, but he goes on: "Tragedy, however, had at first the same freedom as epic poetry." Can these words be said to qualify the rest so much as to make his real view doubtful? At the height of its glory the Attic stage, he says, favoured the unity of time. He is expounding the Greek dramatic art in its highest forms, and might not unreasonably be said to give his support only to what is highest. But he did not say these conditions were essential: he did not say to the stream of time that it should flow thus for ever; and even if he had done so, no man is too great to be laughed at when he is ridiculous.

Under these conditions Racine's choice of subjects is easily understood. He treads devoutly in the footsteps of the classical authors; even with regard to his delightful comedy *LES PLAIDEURS*, he is evidently glad to confess his debt to Aristophanes. The Greek dramatists, especially Sophocles and Euripides, are his chief benefactors, for he loves to deal with the cycle of legends and traditions in which they worked. The stories of Antigone and Iphigenia, of Andromache and Phædra, the love of Alexander for a princess of India and of Titus for a queen of Palestine, the wonderful doings of Mithridates, King of Pontus, and the gloomy despotism of Nero, these are his chief though not his only subjects. His comedy is modern in sentiment and treatment, whatever may have been his debt to the author of *THE WASPS*. *BAJAZET* is Mahomedan, and the scene is in

Constantinople: ESTHER and ATHALIE are scriptural; but when all is said the bulk is classical, and, setting aside the comedy, the method is much the same in all. There is perhaps no modern dramatist whose art is so even, whose diction is so unfailingly on the same high level. Such an art has of necessity a certain remoteness from life, as indeed must be the case with all art which is not a reflection of the life around us. His men are not quite human characters; they are rather ideas in action. Such a description would also in part apply to his women, though we are inclined to believe with the French that Racine understood women better than any modern dramatist. The fault is in the method, for in his comedy he shows a genuine capacity for fine and clear characterisation. The figures of Greek legend were real to the men of Athens, perhaps as real as Alfred and Becket are to us; but Iphigenia is no longer a reality to anybody, only a legendary figure. This was equally true in the age of Louis the Fourteenth, though it was not perceived. The genius of modern civilisation is different from the ancient, and our heroic figures are cast in another mould. No man, whether Christian or not, can dispose of the fact that Christianity has altered the genius of civilisation. The true heart of man no doubt speaks from one age to another, but the mental attitude of the modern civilised man is widely different from that of the ancient. In attempting to vivify the past, the writer inevitably makes use of the ideas, the symbols, and the phrases which are saturated with the genius of his own time; and after all his effort, the genius of the past will elude him.

Yet, severe as are the limitations of the dramatic art as practised by Corneille and Racine, it is the highest

in the literature of their country, and is incontestably greater than that of any playwright of the French romantic school. For nearly two centuries it gave a keen intellectual delight to everybody in France who possessed a cultivated mind or a refined taste; and it is worthy of the admiration which it has received. To have served so long, among a people so fastidious as the French, as a model of unerring taste, of elegance, and distinction, is glory of a rare kind. Like every true classic, Racine has been a guide and standard in the world of good taste, such as the men of greatest genius like Dante and Shakespeare never are; these humanise and enchant us, but they do not impress upon us, as the classics do, those qualities of reticence and reserve which are the charm of all aristocratic art. What then are the marks of this literature which is called classical? It is seldom wise to give one's own definitions, so let us go to French sources for help in this matter. Here, with a little expansion and with great freedom of rendering, is the most compact definition we have been able to discover. The literature of the true classic is chaste and reticent, observing the law of measure and proportion; everywhere, while it seeks distinction, it recognises the sovereignty of taste; it deals with the finer elements of life, and is above all things a harmony of form and matter, a fusion of reason with imagination. This is, of course, inadequate, as every definition must be, but it will serve; certainly nobody would apply it to any writer of the romantic school, not even to Shakespeare, in whom the imagination runs riot a little. Yet is it really possible, some one may be inclined to ask, nicely to distinguish between classic and romantic art? It cannot be done with great exactness, but on broad lines something of the kind is possible;

indeed whole literatures are marked by these characteristics. Such are the literatures of France and England, where the typical art of the one is classical, of the other romantic. The classic is faultless in form, the romantic is rich in life and colour. The classic never moves out of his bounds; but he has an intellectual power so sure as to be almost infallible within its proper limits. The romantic on the other hand speaks with the freedom of the prophets of old; sometimes he soars above the classic, sometimes he is trivial, which the classic never is. But whether a writer shall be a classic or a romantic, is not a thing which he may decide for himself, for to no man is it given utterly to transform his nature.

There is another and still higher claim which is made on behalf of Racine and Corneille by lovers of the French classical drama; they are classed with the Greek dramatists, and with the great teachers who, whether in a formal manner or by the entrancing methods of art, have sought to purify the souls of men, and to bring them in touch with an exalted moral ideal. Such tragedies as *BRITANNICUS* and *POLYEUCTE*, says M. Ernest Legouvé, "have an imprint of moral grandeur, an ideal beauty of composition which is to be found nowhere else in poetry." Again, still speaking of the best work of Racine and Corneille, he says: "It is at once the noblest and most satisfying sustenance which has ever been given

to the imaginations of men." Such a judgment could not be taken quite seriously out of France; yet who could read *PHÈDRE* or *ATHALIE*, or witness a performance of either, without feeling something of this enthusiasm? In English dramatic literature there is nothing which exactly corresponds with the work of Racine. Even Shakespeare, as the same distinguished Frenchman has pointed out, is concerned only with the delineation of character; superbly and incomparably he does this, but he does not bring us in contact with a moral ideal. It is Milton and not Shakespeare whom we should compare with Racine, for both have the high aim of the Greek dramatists. Racine, making an immediate appeal by the living voice, is effectively saved from Milton's long excursions into the realm of dreariness; yet Milton, in his supreme moments, reaches a height far beyond Racine. If Longinus could come back to us, he would find in Racine and in Milton many examples of elevation, of that flower of expression in literary form which the translators, having no fitter word, have called the sublime. He would be repelled by Milton's Puritanism, and would think that Racine had not the true Greek flavour; but he would hardly cavil at such a claim as M. Legouvé's, even if he could not feel so completely as the Frenchman that it is a just claim. And if Longinus would accept the companionship, we would go with him in this matter.



## HOW HISTORY IS WRITTEN IN AMERICA.

WE are told that some part of the antipathy which Americans are said to entertain towards Englishmen arises from the extraordinary perversions of history which are taught in their schools. In these, so the story goes, the Englishman habitually figures as a monster of greed, injustice, and tyranny towards the rest of the world, and especially towards that part of it whose history begins in the year 1776. We do not know how this may be; perhaps the antipathy and the perversions have both been exaggerated. There must of course be many reasons why the great Powers should entertain no deep or lasting affection for each other; and it is not easy for Englishmen to see one why their country should be an exception to the natural rule.

By many names men call us,  
In many lands we dwell.

The nations multiply apace, and the globe grows no larger. Not in our time, nor in the time of our children's children, will the war-drums cease to throb and the battle-flags be furled. But for the perversions, there has been lately published a book which certainly seems to lend some colour to the belief that history can be written rather recklessly in America.

The book is called *VENEZUELA, A LAND WHERE IT'S ALWAYS SUMMER*, and the author is Mr. William Eleroy Curtis. The reviewers seem to have been unanimous in praising it, and as a description of that pleasant land and of the habits, manners, and pursuits of the people who inhabit it, it is, we doubt not, a very good book;

it is certainly in this respect an entertaining one to read. And it may be found entertaining in another way by those who find more amusement in the study of human nature than in the study of history, in a way which seems to have escaped the reviewers' notice. In the fourth chapter Mr. Curtis describes the remarkable line of railway which connects Caracas with the port of La Guayra, and takes that occasion to give some particulars of the early history of the Venezuelan capital. These particulars are so curious that they can only be described adequately in the writer's own words; no summary or paraphrase of our own would be credited for an instant.

"After the victory of the English fleet over the Spanish Armada in the English Channel, Captain Drake sailed down this way hunting for galleons that carried gold and silver between the South American colonies and the ports of Spain. He took great interest in visiting the cities along the coast, and on every one of them left his autograph, written with fire and powder and the sword.

"Arriving at La Guayra, he destroyed the shipping that lay at anchor and then went ashore. When he had stripped the city of all that was valuable and destroyed what he did not want, he made an excursion to Caracas.

"The people of the latter place had due notice of his arrival, for the inhabitants of La Guayra fled into the mountains. The governor called out every man capable of bearing arms, and fortified himself upon a cart-road which had been constructed between

the two cities some years before. This was the ordinary route of travel three centuries before the railway was laid, and of course it was expected that Drake and his pirates would go up that way. But he knew better than to try it, for his scouts reported fortifications and an army of men behind them nearly the entire distance. He captured a miserable fellow by the name of Villapando, a veritable Judas, who for a gift of gold agreed to pilot the Englishmen up the old Indian path through the ravines. Thus, while the gallant alcalde and the men of Caracas were waiting breathlessly to annihilate Sir Francis, the latter crept up the mountain and was looting the city they had gone out to protect.

"For three days Drake remained at the capital, plundering the houses, ravishing the women, and feasting his soldiers upon the wine and luxuries they found. There was but one man left in the entire place, a nervy old knight named Alonzo de Ladoma. Although he was too old to go out with his neighbours to meet the Englishmen, he offered to fight them one at a time as long as his strength lasted. Sir Francis was much impressed with the old gentleman's valour, and would have spared his life, but the latter became involved in a controversy with a drunken pirate, who cut off his head.

"When Sir Francis had gathered all the valuables in the city, and loaded them upon the backs of his men, he hung Villapando in the principal plaza, marched down the ravine, and sailed away with more than a million of dollars in treasure. He did not lose a single man, and although the city was practically destroyed, the only lives sacrificed were those of the brave old Ladoma and the traitor. The Spaniards encamped upon the wagon-road got news of the raid about the time Sir Francis was kissing their

wives and daughters good-bye, and hurried back to Caracas, but were too late to do any good."

In another chapter may be read how "the ghost of that most famous of all freebooters, Sir Francis Drake," haunts the harbour of Puerto Cabello in the Golfo Triste, a few leagues westward of La Guayra. Drake, it appears, died of yellow fever here, and "was dropped into the water with a bag of shot at his heels."

There are things, wrote Carlyle once, in a burst of indignation more reasonable than were all his out-breaks, "There are things at which one stands struck silent, as at first sight of the Infinite." And really one hardly knows what to say to such an astounding tissue of fable. On the question of taste or style we say nothing; those are matters of opinion. Mr. Curtis may also call Drake's character a matter of opinion, though the conduct attributed to him at Caracas, if contemporary evidence, Spanish no less than English, is to go for anything, constitutes about as gross a libel as perhaps has ever been perpetrated on a man who has been for three hundred years in his grave. But where, in the name of Clio, can Mr. Curtis have found this marvellous version of facts familiar surely to everybody interested in the history of those times and countries, at all events so easily to be ascertained by anybody desirous to write about them? And what, we should much like to know, has Mr. John Fiske to say to his countryman's new readings in that early history of the American Continent which he has told so well?

For in truth it seems almost an impertinence to remind Americans as well as Englishmen that Francis Drake was never at Caracas in his life. If he was ever at La Guayra it must have been in one of those two mysterious voyages in 1570 and

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1571, of which no record was ever published, and of which nothing is known beyond what he himself is reported to have told his nephew, that he got in them "certain notices of the persons and places aimed at as he thought requisite." As Drake was never off La Guayra in any of his recorded voyages, and as Caracas, or, to give it its ancient title, Santiago de Leon de Caracas, was only founded in 1567, it is not likely that either the port or the capital of Venezuela was among the places aimed at. For his death, can there be an English schoolboy who does not know that the place off which he died was not the little modern seaside town of Puerto Cabello in the Golfo Triste, but Puerto Bello on the coast of Darien, a very different place, many hundred leagues to the westward, and one of the most ancient and famous settlements on the Spanish Main? His death may indeed be called the crowning romance of his life. It was off the coast of Darien that he struck the first of his great blows at the Spanish power; it was off the same coast, within a few leagues of the same place, that four-and-twenty years later his body was laid to rest in the waves which he had ruled so long; not pitched overboard with a shot at its heels, but enclosed in a leaden coffin, and solemnly committed to the deep amid the blare of trumpets and the thunder of cannon. There and then, as the old nameless rhymester has it,

The waves became his winding-sheet;  
the waters were his tomb;  
But for his fame the ocean sea was not  
sufficient room.

One grain of truth there is indeed in this wondrous tale. Caracas (or Santiago de Leon, as it was then called) was taken by the English in the summer of 1595, seven years after the defeat of the Armada, and but a few months before Drake's death,

when there was, and had for some time been, open war between Spain and England. The leaders of the force were Amyas Preston and George Sommers, both valiant gentlemen and discreet commanders, as the historian of the expedition, Robert Davy, assures us. His account of their journey over the mountains by the Indian's trail, or the unknown way (as they called it in distinction to the great or beaten way) forms one of the most stirring narratives in the delectable pages of Hakluyt. They had taken a Spaniard prisoner on board a caravel at Cumana, who knew this Indian path and offered to guide them by it if they would give him his liberty in return. If the traitor was hanged in the market-place, it must have been by his own countrymen; the English, as their habit was, kept their word with him. It was a terrible journey, as this extract from honest Davy's narrative will show.

"We marched until it was night over such high mountains as we never saw the like, and such a way as one man could scarce pass alone. Our general, being in the forward, at length came whereat a river descended down over the mountains, and there we lodged all that night. Here, in going this way, we found the Spanish governor's confession to be true; for they had barricadoed the way in divers places with trees and other things, in such sort that we were driven to cut our way through the woods by carpenters, which we carried with us for that purpose. The next day, being the 29th of May, early in the morning we set forth to recover the tops of the mountains; but (God knoweth) they were so extreme high and so steep-upright, that many of our soldiers fainted by the way; and when the officers came unto them, and first entreated them to go, they answered they could go no further. Then they

thought to make them go by compulsion, but all was in vain; they would go a little, and then lie down and bid them kill them if they would, for they could not and would not go any further. "Whereby they were enforced to depart, and to leave them there lying on the ground. To be short, at length with much ado we gat the top of the mountains about noon: there we made a stand till all the company was come up, and would have stayed longer to have refreshed our men; but the fog and rain fell so fast that we durst not stay."

The city was not undefended, as in Mr. Curtis's version; but the defenders ran at the first volley, leaving one man dead behind them, and "not any one of our companies touched either with piece or arrow, God be thanked." Nor was it looted, for the sufficient reason that all the portable treasure had been carried off into the mountains. But it was burned. For five days they occupied it unmolested, from May 29th to June 3rd, Preston demanding forty thousand ducats for ransom, and the Governor refusing to give more than four thousand. This done, the English marched quietly back to their ships along the beaten road, halting for the night at the great barricade of which they had been warned. Not a Spaniard was to be seen there; but so strong it seemed to Davy, "that one hundred men in it well furnished could have kept back from passing that way one hundred thousand." On the next day they reached La Guayra, and serving that as they had served the capital, went on board, without any treasure but a small quantity of hides and some sarsaparilla, but also without so much as a single man wounded.

This is the story of the taking of Santiago de Leon by the English in

1595. That the Spanish version may be somewhat different is very probable; victors and vanquished rarely see things in quite the same light. Robert Davy's version has been in print any time these three hundred years. Where Mr. Curtis's version is to be found, outside his own pages, is a secret known, it must be presumed, only to himself. His book, let us add, is dedicated to his son. If many such books are written for the edification of the American youth, one can understand that some very queer notions may get about among them concerning the part played by Englishmen in the history of their country.

Can any one suggest an origin or an explanation of this extraordinary tale? The facts are outside the pale of controversy. There are indeed, as we all know, few matters of history which cannot be made subjects of controversy; but it would have puzzled the Subtle Doctor himself to frame a defence for Mr. Curtis. One explanation indeed has occurred to us. There is a passage in Macaulay's journal which may conceivably have something to do with it. "An American," it runs, "has written to me from Arkansas, and sent me a copy of Bancroft's History. Very civil and kind; but by some odd mistake he directs to me at Abbotsford. Does he think that all Britishers who write books live there together?" Is it possible that in American school-books the exploits of all the Elizabethan sailors are fathered on Francis Drake, just as in some histories Claverhouse used to be made to bear the burden of all the exploits of Dalzell and Lag and the other captains of the Killing Time? The explanation is something inadequate, we are conscious; but we can think of no other.